

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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## VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

MR. HARDIE was taken by surprise for once, and had not a word to say; but looked in his son's face, mute, and gaping, as a fish.

During this painful silence his children eyed him inquiringly; but not with the same result; for one face is often read differently by two persons: to Jane, whose intelligence had no aids, he seemed unaffectedly puzzled; but Alfred discerned, beneath his wonder, the terror of detection rising, and then thrust back by the strong will: that stoical face shut again like an iron door; but not quickly enough: the right words, the "open sesame" had been spoken, and one unguarded look had confirmed Alfred's vague suspicions of foul play: he turned his own face away: he was alienated by the occurrences of the last few months, but Nature and tender reminiscences still held him by some fibres of the heart: in a moment of natural indignation he had applied the touchstone; but its success grieved him; he could not bear to go on exposing his father; so he left the room with a deep sigh, in which pity mingled with shame and regret; he wandered out into the silent night, and soon was leaning on the gate of Albion Villa, gazing wistfully at the windows, and sore perplexed, and nobly wretched.

As he was going out, Mr. Hardie raised his eyebrows with a look of disinterested wonder and curiosity; and touched his forehead to Jane, as much as to say, "Is he disordered in his mind?"

As soon as they were alone, he asked her coolly what Alfred meant. She said she had no idea. Then he examined her keenly about this fourteen thousand pounds: and found, to his relief, Alfred had never even mentioned it to her.

And now Richard Hardie, like his son, wanted to be alone, and think over this new peril, that had risen in the bosom of his own family: and, for once, the company of his favourite child was irksome: he made an excuse and strolled out in his turn into the silent night. It was calm and clear: the thousand holy eyes, under which men prefer to do their crimes—except when they are in too great a hurry to wait—looked down and

seemed to wonder anything can be so silly as to sin: and beneath their pure gaze the man of the world pondered with all his soul. He tormented himself with conjectures: through what channel did Alfred suspect him? through the Dodds? were they aware of their loss? had the pocket-book spoken? If so, why had not Mrs. Dodd or her son attacked him? But then perhaps Alfred was their agent: they wished to try a friendly remonstrance through a mutual friend before proceeding to extremities; this accorded with Mrs. Dodd's character as he remembered her.

The solution was reasonable; but he was relieved of it by recollecting what Alfred had said, that he had not entered the house since the bank broke.

On this he began to hope Alfred's might be a mere suspicion he could not establish by any proof, and at all events he would lock it in his own breast like a good son: his never having given a hint even to his sister favoured this supposition.

Thus meditating, Mr. Hardie found himself at the gate of Albion Villa.

Yet he had strolled out with no particular intention of going there. Had his mind, apprehensive of danger from that quarter, driven his body thither?

He took a look at the house: and the first thing he saw was a young lady leaning over the balcony, and murmuring softly to a male figure below, whose outline Mr. Hardie could hardly discern, for it stood in the shadow. Mr. Hardie was delighted: "Aha, Miss Juliet," said he, "if Alfred does not visit you, some one else does. You have soon supplied your peevish lover's place." He then withdrew softly from the gate, not to disturb the intrigue, and watched a few yards off; determined to see who Julia's nightly visitor was, and give Alfred surprise for surprise.

He had not long to wait: the man came away directly, and walked, head erect, past Mr. Hardie, and glanced full in his face, but did not vouchsafe him a word. It was Alfred himself. Mr. Hardie was profoundly alarmed, and indignant: "The young traitor! Never enter the house? no; but he comes and tells her everything directly, under her window, on the sly; and, when he is caught—defies me to my face." And now he suspected female cunning and malice in

the way that thunderbolt had been quietly prepared for him and launched, without warning, in his very daughter's presence, and the result just communicated to Julia Dodd.

In a very gloomy mood he followed his son, and heard his firm though elastic tread on the frosty ground, and saw how loftily he carried his head: and from that moment feared, and very, very, nearly hated him.

The next day he feigned sick, and sent for Osmond. That worthy prescribed a pill and a draught, the former laxative, the latter astringent. This ceremony performed, Mr. Hardie gossiped with him; and, after a détour or two, glided to his real anxiety. "Sampson tells me you know more about Captain Dodd's case than he does: he is not very clear as to the cause of the poor man's going mad."

"The cause? Why Apoplexy."

"Yes, but I mean what caused the apoplexy?"

Mr. Osmond replied that Apoplexy was often idiopathic.\* Captain Dodd, as he understood, had fallen down in the street in a sudden fit: "but as for the mania, that is to be attributed to an insufficient evacuation of blood while under the apoplectic coma."

"Not bled enough! Why Sampson says it is because he was bled too much."

Osmond was amused at this; and repeated that the mania came of not being bled enough.

The discussion was turned into an unexpected quarter by the entrance of Jane Hardie, who came timidly in and said, "Oh, Mr. Osmond, I cannot let you go without telling you how anxious I am about Alfred. He is so thin, and pale, and depressed."

"Nonsense, Jane," said Mr. Hardie; "have we not all cause to be dejected in this house?" But she persisted gently that there was more in it than that: and his headaches were worse: and she could not be easy any longer without advice.

"Ah, those headaches," said Mr. Osmond, "they always made me uneasy. To tell the truth, Miss Hardie, I have noticed a remarkable change in him, but I did not like to excite apprehensions: and so he mopes, does he? seeks solitude, and is taciturn, and dejected?"

"Yes. But I do not mind that so much as his turning so pale and thin."

"Oh, it is all part of one malady."

"Then you know what is the matter?"

"I think I do: and yours is a wise and timely anxiety. Your brother's is a very delicate case of a hyperæsthetic character; and I should like to have the advice of a profound physician. Let me see, Dr. Wycherley will be with me tomorrow: may I bring him over as a friend?"

This proposal did not at all suit Mr. Hardie;

\* "Arising of itself." A term rather hastily applied to disorders the coming signs of which have not been detected by the medical attendant.

The birth of Topsy was idiopathic—in that learned lady's opinion.

he put his own construction on Alfred's pallor and dejection, and was uneasy at the idea of his being cross-questioned by a couple of doctors:

"No, no," said he, "Taft has fancies enough already; I cannot have you gentlemen coming here to fill his head with many more."

"Oh, he has fancies, has he?" said Osmond, keenly. "My dear sir, we shall not say one word to him: that might irritate him: but I should like you to hear a truly learned opinion."

Jane looked so imploringly, that Mr. Hardie yielded a reluctant assent, on those terms.

So the next day, by appointment, Mr. Osmond introduced his friend Dr. Wycherley: bland and bald, with a fine head, and a face naturally intelligent, but crossed every now and then by gleams of vacancy; a man of large reading, and of tact to make it subserve his interests. A voluminous writer on certain medical subjects, he had so saturated himself with circumlocution, that it distilled from his very tongue: he talked like an Article; a quarterly one; and so gained two advantages: 1st, he rarely irritated a fellow-creature; for, if he began a sentence hot, what with its length, and what with its windiness, he was apt to end it cool: item stabs by polysyllables are pricks by sponges. 2ndly, this foible earned him the admiration of fools; and that is as invaluable, as they are innumerable.

Yet was there in the mother-tongue he despised, one gem of a word he vastly admired: like most quarterly writers. That charming word, the pet of the polysyllabic, was "or."

He opened the matter in a subdued and sympathising tone well calculated to win a loving father, such as Richard Hardie—was not.

"My good friend here informs me, sir, you are so fortunate as to possess a son of distinguished abilities, and who is at present labouring under some of those precursory indications of incipient disease of the cerebro-psychical organs, of which I have been, I may say, somewhat successful in diagnosing the symptoms. Unless I have been inadvertently misinformed, he has, for a considerable time, and only with slight intermissions, experienced persistent headache of a cephalalgic or true cerebral type, and has now advanced to the succeeding stage of taciturnity and depression, not\* unaccompanied with isolation, and, probably, constipation: but as yet without hallucination, though possibly, and, as my experience of the great majority of these cases would induce me to say, probably, he is not† undisturbed by one or more of those latent, and, at first, trifling aberrations, either of the intelligence, or the senses, which in their preliminary stages escape the observation of all but the expert nosologist. In that case, sir, be assured you have acted the part of a wise and affectionate parent in soliciting the opportune attention of a psychological Physician to these morbid phenomena at present in the initial process of incubation."

\* Anglicè, "accompanied."

† Anglicè, disturbed.

"There you see," said Osmond, "Dr. Wycherley agrees with me: yet I assure you I have only detailed the symptoms, and not the conclusion I had formed from them."

Jane inquired timidly what that conclusion was.

"Miss Hardie, we think it one of those obscure tendencies which are very curable if taken in time—" Dr. Wycherley ended the sentence—"But no longer remediable if the fleeting opportunity is allowed to escape, and diseased action to pass into diseased organisation."

Jane looked awestruck at their solemnity; but Mr. Hardie, who was taking advice against the grain, turned satirical: "Gentlemen," said he, "be pleased to begin by moderating your own obscurity; and then perhaps I shall see better how to cure my son's: what the deuce are you driving at?"

The two doctors looked at one another inquiringly; and so settled how to proceed. Dr. Wycherley explained to Mr. Hardie that there was a sort of general unreasonable and superstitious feeling abroad, a kind of terror of the complaint with which his son was threatened; "and which, instead of the most remediable of disorders, is looked at as the most incurable of maladies:" it was on this account he had learned to approach the subject with singular caution, and even with a timidity which was kinder in appearance than in reality; that he must admit.

"Well, you may speak out, as far as I am concerned," said Mr. Hardie, with consummate indifference.

"Oh yes!" said Jane, in a fever of anxiety; "pray conceal nothing from us."

"Well then, sir, I have not as yet had the advantage of examining your son personally, but, from the diagnostics, I have no doubt whatever he is labouring under the first foreshadowings of cerebro-psychical perturbation."

Jane and her father stared at him: he might as well have recited them the alphabet backwards.

"Well then," said he, observing his learning had missed fire, "to speak plainly, the symptoms are characteristic of the initiatory stage of the germination of a morbid state of the phenomena of intelligence."

His unprofessional hearers stared another inquiry.

"In one word, then," said Dr. Wycherley, waxing impatient at their abominable obtuseness, "it is the premonitory stage of the precursory condition of an organic affection of the brain."

"Oh!" said Mr. Hardie, carelessly: "I see; the boy is going mad."

The doctors stared in their turn at the prodigious coolness of a tender parent.

"Not exactly," said Dr. Wycherley; "I am habitually averse to exaggeration of symptoms. Your son's suggest to me 'the Incubation of Insanity,' nothing more."

Jane uttered an exclamation of horror: the doctor soothed her with an assurance that there

was no cause for alarm. "Incipient aberration" was of easy cure: the mischief lay in delay. "Miss Hardie," said he, paternally, "during a long and busy professional career, it has been my painful province to witness the deplorable consequences of the non-recognition, by friends and relatives, of the precedent symptoms of those organic affections of the brain, the relief of which was within the reach of well-known therapeutic agents if exhibited seasonably."

He went on to deplore the blind prejudice of unprofessional persons; who choose to fancy that other diseases creep, but Insanity pounces, on a man: which he expressed thus neatly; "that other deviations from organic conditions of health are the subject of clearly defined though delicate gradations, but that the worst and most climacteric forms of cerebro-psychical disorder are suddenly developed affections presenting no evidence of any antecedent cephalic organic change, and unaccompanied by a premonitory stage, or by incipient symptoms."

This chimera he proceeded to confute, by experience: he had repeatedly been called in to cases of mania described as sudden, and almost invariably found the patient had been cranky for years; which he condensed thus; "His conduct and behaviour for many years previously to any symptom of mental aberration being noticed, had been characterised by actions quite irreconcilable with the supposition of the existence of perfect sanity of intellect."

He instanced a parson, whom he had lately attended, and found him as constipated and convinced he was John the Baptist engaged to the Princess Mary as could be.

"But upon investigation of this afflicted ecclesiastic's antecedent history, I discovered that, for years before this, he had exhibited conduct incompatible with the hypothesis of a mind whose equilibrium had been undisturbed: he had caused a number of valuable trees to be cut down on his estate, without being able to offer a sane justification for such an outrageous proceeding: and had actually disposed of a quantity of his patrimonial acres, 'and which' clearly he never would have parted with had he been in anything resembling a condition of sanity."

"Did he sell the land and timber below the market price?" inquired Mr. Hardie, perking up, and exhibiting his first symptom of interest in the discussion.

"On that head, sir, my informant, his heir-at-law, gave me no information: nor did I enter into that class of detail; you naturally look at morbid phenomena in a commercial spirit, but we regard them medically; and, all this time, most assiduously visiting the sick of his parish and preaching admirable sermons."

The next instance he gave was of a stockbroker suffering under general paralysis and a rooted idea that all the *specie* in the Bank of England was his, and ministers in league with foreign governments to keep him out of it.

"Him," said the doctor, "I discovered to have

been for years guilty of conduct entirely incompatible with the hypothesis of undisturbed mental functions. He had accused his domestic of peccation, and had initiated legal proceedings with a view of prosecuting in a court of law one of his oldest friends."

"Whence you infer that, if my son has not for years been doing cranky acts, he is not likely to be deranged at present."

This adroit twist of the argument rather surprised Dr. Wycherley. However, he was at no loss for a reply. "It is not Insanity, but the Incubation of Insanity, which is suspected in your intelligent son's case: and the best course will be for me to enumerate in general terms the several symptoms of 'the Incubation of Insanity.'" He concluded with some severity, "after that, sir, I shall cease to intrude what I fear is an unwelcome conviction."

The Parent, whose levity and cold reception of good tidings he had thus mildly, yet with due dignity, rebuked, was a man of the world; and liked to make friends, not enemies; so he took the hint, and made a very civil speech, assuring Dr. Wycherley that, if he ventured to differ from him, he was none the less obliged by the kind interest he took in a comparative stranger: and would be very glad to hear all about the "Incubation of Insanity." He added, "The very expression is new to me."

Dr. Wycherley bowed slightly; and complied:

"One diagnostic preliminary sign of abnormal cerebral action is Cephalalgia, or true cerebral headache; I mean persistent headache, which is not accompanied by a furred tongue, or other indicia significant of abdominal or renal disorder as its origin."

Jane sighed. "He has sad headaches."

"The succeeding symptom is a morbid affection of sleep. Either the patient suffers from Insomnia; or else from Hypersomnia, which we subdivide into sopor, carus, and lethargus; or thirdly from Kakosomnia, or a propensity to mere dozing, and to all the morbid phenomena of dreams."

"Papa," said Jane, "poor Alfred sleeps very badly: I hear him walking at all hours of the night."

"I thought as much," observed Dr. Wycherley; "Insomnia is the commonest feature. To resume; the insidious advance of morbid thought is next marked by high spirits, or else by low spirits; generally the latter. The patient begins by moping, then shows great lassitude and ennui, then becomes abstracted, moody, and occupied with a solitary idea."

Jane clasped her hands, and the tears stood in her eyes; so well did this description tally with poor Alfred's case.

"And at this period," continued Dr. Wycherley, "my experience leads me to believe that some latent delusion is generally germinating in the mind, though often concealed with consummate craft by the patient: the open development of this delusion is the next stage, and, with this

last morbid phenomenon, incubation ceases and insanity begins. Sometimes, however, the illusion is physical rather than psychical, of the sense rather than of the intelligence. It commences at night: the incubator begins by seeing nocturnal visions, often of a photopsic\* character, or hearing nocturnal sounds, neither of which have any material existence, being conveyed to his optic or auricular nerves not from without, but from within, by the agency of a disordered brain. These the reason, hitherto unimpaired, combats at first, especially when they are nocturnal only: but being reproduced, and becoming diurnal, the judgment succumbs under the morbid impression produced so repeatedly. These are the ordinary antecedent symptoms characteristic of the incubation of insanity; to which are frequently added somatic exaltation, or, in popular language, physical excitability—a disposition to knit the brows—great activity of the mental faculties—or else a well marked decline of the powers of the understanding—an exaggeration of the normal conditions of thought—or a reversal of the mental habits and sentiments, such as a sudden aversion to some person hitherto beloved, or some study long relished and pursued."

Jane asked leave to note these all down in her note-book.

Mr. Hardie assented, adroitly; for he was thinking whether he could not sift some grain out of all this chaff. Should Alfred blab his suspicions, here were two gentlemen who would at all events help him to throw ridicule on them.

Dr. Wycherley having politely aided Jane Hardie to note down "the preliminary process of the Incubation of disorders of the Intellect," resumed: "Now, sir, your son appears to be in a very inchoate stage of the malady: he has cerebral Cephalalgia and Insomnia—"

"And, oh doctor, he knits his brows often; and has given up his studies; won't go back to Oxford this term."

"Exactly; and seeks isolation, and is a prey to morbid distraction and reverie: but has no palpable illusions; has he?"

"Not that I know of," said Mr. Hardie.

"Well but," objected Jane, "did not he say something to you very curious the other night; about Captain Dodd, and fourteen thousand pounds?"

Mr. Hardie's blood ran cold:

"No," he stammered, "not that I remember."

"Oh yes he did, papa: you have forgotten it: but at the time you were quite puzzled what he could mean: and you did so." She put her finger to her forehead: and the doctors interchanged a meaning glance.

"I believe you are right, Jenny," said Mr. Hardie, taking the cue so unexpectedly offered him: "he did say some nonsense I could not make head nor tail of; but we all have our crotchets; there, run away, like a good girl, and

\* Luminous.



let me explain all this to our good friends here : and mind, not a word about it to Alfred."

When she was gone, he said, "Gentlemen, my son is madly in love; that is all."

"Oh, Erotic monomania is a very ordinary phase of insanity."

"His unreasonable passion for a girl he knows he can never marry makes him somewhat crotchety and cranky: that, and over-study, may have unhinged his mind a little: suppose I send him abroad? my good brother will find the means; or we could advance it him, I and the other trustees; he comes into ten thousand pounds in a month or two."

The doctors exchanged a meaning look. They then dissuaded him earnestly from the idea of continental travel.

"*Celum non animam mutant qui trans mare currunt*," said Wycherley, and Osmond explained that Alfred would brood abroad as well as at home, if he went alone: and Dr. Wycherley summed up thus: "The most advisable course is to give him the benefit of the personal superintendence of some skillful physician possessed of means and appliances of every sort for soothing and restraining the specific malady."

Mr. Hardie did not at first see the exact purport of this oleaginous periphrasis. *He knitted his brows*. Presently he caught a glimpse: but said he thought confinement was hardly the thing to drive away melancholy.

"Not in all respects," replied Dr. Wycherley: "but, on the other hand, a little gentle restraint is the safest way of effecting a disruption of the fatal associations that have engendered and tend to perpetuate the disorder. Besides, the medicinal appliances are invaluable; including, as they do, the nocturnal and diurnal attendance of a Psychophysical physician, who knows the Psychosomatic relation of body and mind, and can apply physical remedies, of the effect of which on the physical instrument of intelligence, the grey matter of the brain, we have seen so many examples."

The good doctor then feelingly deplored the inhumanity of parents and guardians in declining to subject their incubators to opportune and salutary restraint under the more than parental care of a Psychosomatic physician. On this head he got quite warm, and inveighed against the abominable cruelty of the thing.

"It is contrary," said he, "to every principle of justice and humanity that a fellow-creature, deranged perhaps only on one point, should for the want of the early attention of those, whose duty it is to watch over him, linger out his existence separated from all who are dear to him, and condemned without any crime to be a prisoner for life."

Mr. Hardie was puzzled by this sentence, in which the speaker's usual method was reversed, and the thought was bigger than the words.

The doctors did not interfere, but let the suggestion ferment.

"Oh," said Mr. Hardie, at last, "I see. We ought to incarcerate our children to keep them from being incarcerated."

"That is one way of putting it with a vengeance," said Mr. Osmond, staring. "No; what my good friend means——"

"Is this; where the patient is possessor of an income of such a character as to enable his friends to show a sincere affection by anticipating the consequences of neglected morbid phenomena of the brain, there a lamentable want of humanity is exhibited by the persistent refusal to the patient, on the part of his relatives, of the incalculable advantage of the authoritative advice of a competent physician accompanied with the safeguards and preventives of——"

But ere the mellifluous pleonast had done oiling his paradox with fresh polysyllables, to make it slip into the Banker's narrow understanding, he met with a curious interruption. Jane Hardie fluttered in to say a man was at the door accusing himself of being deranged.

"How often this sort of coincidence occurs," said Osmond, philosophically.

"Do not refuse him, dear papa; it is not for money: he only wants you to give him an order to go into a lunatic asylum."

"Now, there is a sensible man," said Dr. Wycherley.

"Well but," objected Mr. Hardie, "if he is a sensible man, why does he want to go to an asylum?"

"Oh, they are all sensible at times," observed Mr. Osmond.

"*Singularly so*," said Dr. Wycherley, warmly. And he showed a desire to examine this paragon, who had the sense to know he was out of his senses.

"It would be but kind of you, sir," said Jane; "poor, poor man!" She added, he did not like to come in, and would they mind just going out to him?

"Oh no, not in the least: especially as you seem interested in him."

And they all three rose and went out together, and found the petitioner at the front door. Who should it be, but James Maxley!

His beard was unshaven, his face haggard, and everything about him showed a man broken in spirit as well as fortune: even his voice had lost half its vigour, and, whenever he had uttered a consecutive sentence or two, his head dropped on his breast, pitifully: indeed, this sometimes occurred in the middle of a sentence, and then the rest of it died on his lips.

Mr. Richard Hardie was not prepared to encounter one of his unhappy creditors thus publicly, and, to shorten the annoyance, would have dismissed him roughly: but he dared not; for Maxley was no longer alone, nor unfriended: when Jane left him, to intercede for him, a young man joined him, and was now comforting him with kind words, and trying to get him to smoke a cigar: and this good-hearted young gentleman was the Banker's son in the flesh, and his opposite in spirit, Mr. Alfred Hardie.

Finding these two in contact, the Doctors interchanged demurest glances.

Mr. Hardie asked Maxley sullenly what he wanted of them.

"Well, sir," said Maxley, despondently, "I have been to all the other magistrates in the borough; for what with losing my money, and what with losing my missus, I think I bain't quite right in my head; I do see such curious things, enough to make a body's skin creep, at times." And down went his head on his chest.

"Well?" said Mr. Hardie, peevishly: "go on: you went to the magistrates, and what then?"

Maxley looked up, and seemed to recover the thread: "Why they said 'no,' they couldn't send me to the 'sylum, not from home: I must be a pauper first. So then my neighbours they said I had better come to you." And down went his head again.

"Well but," said Mr. Hardie, "you cannot expect me to go against the other magistrates."

"Why not, sir? You have had a hatful o' money of me: the other gentlemen han't had a farthing. They owes me no service, but you does: nine hundred pounds' worth if ye come to that."

There was no malice in this; it was a plain, brokenhearted man's notion of give and take; but it was a home-thrust all the same; and Mr. Hardie was visibly discountenanced, and Alfred more so.

Mr. Osmond, to relieve a situation so painful, asked Maxley rather hastily what were the curious things he saw.

Maxley shuddered. "The unreasonablest beasts, sir, you ever saw or heard tell on: mostly snakes and dragons. Can't stoop my head to do no work, for them, sir. Bless your heart, if I was to leave you gentlemen now, and go and dig for five minutes in my garden, they would come about me as thick as slugs on cabbage: why 'twas but yestere'en I tried to hoe a bit, and up come the fearfulest great fiery sar-pint: scared me so I heaved my hoe and laid on 'un properly: presently I seemed to come out of a sort of a kind of a red mist into the clear; and there laid my poor missus's favourite hen; I had been and killed her for a sar-pint." He sighed: then, after a moment's pause, lowered his voice to a whisper, "Now suppose I was to go and take some poor Christian for one of these gre—at bloody dragons I do see at odd times, I might do him a mischief you know, and not mean him no harm neither. Oh dooce take and have me locked up, gentlemen, dooce now: tellee I ain't fit to be about, my poor head is so mazed."

"Well, well," said Mr. Hardie, "I'll give you an order for the Union."

"What, make a pauper of me?"

"I cannot help it," said the magistrate: "it is the routine; and it was settled at a meeting of the bench last month that we must adhere to the rule as strictly as possible; the asylum is so full: and you know, Maxley, it is not as if you were dangerous."

"That I be, sir: I don't know what I'm a

looking at, or a doing. Would I ha' gone and killed my poor Susan's hen if I hadn't a been beside myself? and she in her grave, poor dear: no, not for untold gold: and I be fond of that too; used to be however: but now I don't seem to care for money nor nothing else." And his head dropped.

"Look here, Maxley, old fellow," said Alfred, sarcastically, "you must go to the workhouse; and stay there till you hoe a pauper; take him for a crocodile, and kill him; then you will get into an asylum whether the Barkington magistrates like it or not: that is the routine, I believe; and as reasonable as most routine."

Dr. Wycherley admired Alfred for this, and whispered Mr. Osmond, "How subtly they reason."

Mr. Hardie did not deign to answer his son, who indeed had spoken at him, and not to him.

As for poor Maxley, he was in sad and sober earnest, and could not relish nor even take in Alfred's irony: he lifted his head and looked Mr. Hardie in the face.

"You be a hard man," said he, trembling with emotion. "You robbed me and my missus of our all, you ha' broke her heart, and turned my head, and if I was to come and kill *you* 'twould only be clearing scores. 'Stead of that I comes to you like a lamb, and says give me your name on a bit of paper, and put me out of harm's way. 'No,' says you, 'go to the workhouse!' Be you in the workhouse? You that owes me nine hundred pounds and my dead missus?" With this he went into a rage, took a packet out of his pocket, and flung it at Mr. Hardie's head before any one could stop him.

But Alfred saw his game, stepped forward, and caught it with one hand, and with the dexterity of a wicket keeper, within a foot of his father's nose. "How's that, Umpire?" said he: then, a little sternly, "Don't do that again, Mr. Maxley, or I shall have to give you a hiding—to keep up appearances." He then put the notes in his pocket, and said quietly, "I shall give you your money for these, before the year ends."

"You won't be quite so mad as that, I hope," remonstrated his father. But he made no reply: they very seldom answered one another now.

"Oh," said Dr. Wycherley, inspecting him like a human curiosity, "*nullum magnum ingenium sine mixturâ dementiæ.*"

"*Nec parvum sine mixturâ stultitiæ,*" retorted Alfred in a moment: and met his offensive gaze with a point-blank look of supercilious disdain.

Then, having shut him up, he turned to Osmond: "Come," said he, "prescribe for this poor fellow, who asks for a hospital, so Routine gives him a workhouse: come, you know there is no limit to your skill and good nature: you cured Spot of the worms, cure poor old Maxley of his snakes; oblige me."

"That I will, Mr. Alfred," said Osmond,

heartily: and wrote a prescription on a leaf of his memorandum-book, remarking that, though a simple purgative, it had made short work of a great many serpents and dragons, and not a few spectres and hobgoblins into the bargain.

The young gentleman thanked him graciously, and said kindly to Maxley, "get that made up—here's a guinea—and I'll send somebody to see how you are to-morrow."

The poor man took the guinea, and the prescription, and his head drooped again, and he slouched away.

Dr. Wycherley remarked significantly that his conduct was worth imitating by *all persons similarly situated*: and concluded oracularly: "Prophylaxis is preferable to therapeutics."

"Or, as *Porson* would say, 'Prevention is better than cure.'"

With this parting blow the Oxonian suddenly sauntered away, unconscious, it seemed, of the existence of his companions.

"I never saw a plainer case of Incubation," remarked Dr. Wycherley, with vast benevolence of manner.

"Maxley's?"

"Oh no; that is parochial. It is your profoundly interesting son I alluded to. Did you notice his supercilious departure? And his morbid celerity of repartee?"

Mr. Hardie replied with some little hesitation, "Yes; and, excuse me, I thought he had rather the best of the battle with you."

"Indubitably so," replied Dr. Wycherley: "they always do: at least such is *my* experience. If ever I break a lance of wit with an incubator, I calculate with confidence on being unhorsed with abnormal rapidity: and rare, indeed, are the instances in which my anticipations are not promptly and fully realised: by a similar rule of progression the incubator is seldom a match for the confirmed maniac, either in the light play of sarcasm, the coruscations of wit, or the severer encounters of dialectical ratiocination."

"Dear, dear, dear! Then how is one to know a genius from a madman?" inquired Jane.

"By sending for a psychological physician."

"If I understand the doctor right, the two things are not opposed," remarked Mr. Hardie.

Dr. Wycherley assented, and made a remarkable statement in confirmation: "One half of the aggregate of the genius of the country is at present under restraint; fortunately for the community; and still more fortunately for itself."

He then put on his gloves, and, with much kindness but solemnity, warned Mr. Hardie not to neglect his son's case, nor to suppose that matters could go on like this without "disintegrating or disorganising the grey matter of the brain. I admit," said he, "that in some recorded cases of insanity the brain on dissection has revealed no signs of structural or functional derangement, and that, on the other hand, considerable encephalic disorganisation has been shown to have existed in other cases without

aberration or impairment of the reason: but such phenomena are to be considered as pathological curiosities, with which the empiric would fain endeavour to disturb the sound general conclusions of science. The only safe mode of reasoning on matters so delicate and profound is *à priori*: and, as it may safely be assumed as a self-evident proposition, that disturbed intelligence bears the same relation to the brain disordered respiration does to the lungs, it is not logical, reasoning *à priori*, to assume the possibility that the studious or other mental habits of a Cephalalgic, and gifted, youth, can be reversed, and erotic monomania germinate, with all the morbid phenomena of isolation, dejection of the spirits, and abnormal exaltation of the powers of wit and ratiocination, without some considerable impairment, derangement, disturbance, or modification, of the psychical, motorial, and sensorial functions of the great cerebral ganglion. But it would be equally absurd to presuppose that these several functions can be disarranged for months, without more or less disorganisation of the medullary, or even of the cineritious, matter of the encephalon. *Therefore*—dissection of your talented son would doubtless reveal at this moment either steatomatous or atheromatous deposits in the cerebral blood-vessels, or an encysted abscess, probably of no very recent origin, or, at the least, considerable inspissation, and opacity, of the membranes of the encephalon, or more or less pulpy disorganisation of one or other of the hemispheres of the brain: *good morning!!*"

"Good morning, sir: and a thousand thanks for your friendly interest in my unhappy boy."

The Psycho-cerebrals "took their departure" (Psycho-cerebral for "departed"), and left Jane Hardie brimful of anxiety. Alfred was not there to dispose of the tirade in two words, "Petitio principii," and so smoke on: and, not being an university woman, she could not keep her eye on the original assumption while following the series of inferences the learned doctor built so neatly, story by story, on the foundation of the quicksand of a loose conjecture.\*

"Now not a word of this to Alfred," said Mr. Hardie. "I shall propose to him a little foreign tour, to amuse his mind."

\* So novices sitting at a conjuror see him take a wedding-ring, and put it in a little box before a lady; then cross the theatre with another little box, and put that before another lady: "Hey presto! pass!" in box 2 is discovered a wedding-ring, which is instantly assumed to be the ring: on this their green minds are fixed, and with this is sham business done: Box 1, containing the real ring all the time, is overlooked; and the confederate, in livery or not, does what he likes with it: imprisons it in an orange—for the good of its health.

So poor Argan, when Fleurant enumerates the consequences of his omitting a single—dose shall I say?—is terrified by the threatened disorders, which succeed to each other logically enough, all the absurdity being in the first link of the chain; and from that his mind is diverted.

"Yes, but papa, if some serious change is really going on inside his poor head."

Mr. Hardie smiled sarcastically. "Don't you see that if the mind can wound the brain, the mind can cure it?" Then, after a while, he said parentally, "My child, I must give you a lesson: men of the world use enthusiasts—like those two I have just been drawing out—for their tools; we don't let them make tools of us. Osmond, you know, is jackal to an asylum in London; Dr. Wycherley, I have heard, keeps two or three such establishments by himself or his agents: blinded by self-interest, and that of their clique—what an egotistical world it is to be sure!—they would confine a melancholy youth in a gloomy house, among afflicted persons, and give him nothing to do but brood; and so turn the scale against his reason: but I have my children's interest at heart more than my own; I shall send him abroad, and so amuse his mind with fresh objects, break off sad associations, and restore him to a brilliant career. I count on you to second me in my little scheme for his good."

"That I will, papa."

"Somehow, I don't know why, he is coolish to me."

"He does not understand you, as I do, my own papa."

"But he is affectionate with you, I think."

"Oh yes, more than ever: trouble has drawn us closer. Papa, in the midst of our sorrow, how much we have to be thankful for to the Giver of all good things!"

"Yes, little angel: and you must improve Heaven's goodness by working on your brother's affection, and persuading him to this continental tour."

Thus appealed to, Jane promised warmly: and the man of the world, finding he had a blind and willing instrument in the one creature he loved, kissed her on the forehead, and told her to run away, for here was Mr. Skinner, who no doubt wanted to speak on business.

Skinner, who had in fact been holding respectfully aloof for some time, came forward on Jane's retiring, and in a very obsequious tone requested a private interview. Mr. Hardie led the way into the little dining-room.

They were no sooner alone than Skinner left off fawning, very abruptly; and put on a rugged resolute manner that was new to him: "I am come for my commission," said he, sturdily.

Mr. Hardie looked an inquiry.

"Oh, you don't know what I mean, of course," said the little clerk, almost brutally: "I've waited, and waited, to see if you would have the decency, and the gratitude, and the honesty, to offer me a trifle out of it; but I see I might wait till doomsday before you would ever think of thinking of anybody but yourself. So now shell out without more words, or I'll blow the gaff." The little wretch raised his voice louder and louder at every sentence.

"Hush! hush! Skinner," said Mr. Hardie,

anxiously, "you are under some delusion. When did I ever decline to recognise your services? I always intended to make you a present, a handsome present."

"Then why didn't ye *do* it without being forced? Come, sir, you can't draw the wool over Noah Skinner's eyes; I have had you watched, and you are looking towards the U. S., and that is too big a country for me to hunt you in. I'm not to be trifled with: I'm not to be palavered: give me a thousand pounds of it this moment, or I'll blow the whole concern, and you along with it."

"A thousand pounds?!"

"Now look at that!" shrieked Skinner. "Serves me right for not saying seven thousand. What right have you to a shilling of it more than I have? If I had the luck to be a burglar's pal instead of a Banker's, I should have half. Give it me this moment, or I'll go to Albion Villa and have you took up for a thief; as you are."

"But I haven't got it on me."

"That's a lie: you carry it where *he* did; close to your heart: I can see it bulge: there, Job was a patient man, but his patience went at last." With this he ran to the window and threw it open.

Hardie entreated him to be calm. "I'll give it you, Skinner," said he, "and with pleasure, if you will give me some security that you will not turn round, as soon as you have got it, and be my enemy."

"Enemy of a gent that pays me a thousand pounds? nonsense! Why should I? We are in the same boat: behave like a man, and you know you have nothing to fear from me: but I will—not—go halves in a theft for nothing: would you? Come, how is it to be, peace or war? Will you be content with thirteen thousand pounds that don't belong to you, not a shilling of it, or will you go to jail a felon, and lose it every penny?"

Mr. Hardie groaned aloud, but there was no help for it. Skinner was on sale: and *must* be bought.

He took out two notes for five hundred pounds each, and laid them on the table, after taking their numbers.

Skinner's eyes glistened: "Thank you, sir," said he. He put them in his pocket. Then he said quietly, "Now you have taken the numbers, sir, so I'll trouble you for a line to make me safe against the criminal law. You are a deep one; you might say I robbed you."

"That is a very unworthy suspicion, Skinner; and a childish one."

"Oh, it is diamond cut diamond. A single line, sir, just to say that in return for his faithful services you have given Noah Skinner two notes for 500*l.* Nos. 1084 and 85."

"With all my heart—on your giving me a receipt for them."

It was Skinner's turn to hesitate. After reflecting, however, on all the possible consequences, he saw nothing to fear; so he consented.



The business completed, a magic change took place in the little clerk. "Now we are friends again, sir; and I'll give you a piece of advice; mind your eye with Mr. Alfred; he is down on us."

"What do you mean?" inquired Mr. Hardie, with ill disguised anxiety.

"I'll tell you, sir. He met me this morning: and says he to me, 'Skinner, old boy, I want to speak a word to you.' He puts his hands on my shoulder, and turns me round, and says he all at one time 'the fourteen thousand pounds!' You might have knocked me down with a feather. And he looked me through like a gimlet, mind ye. 'Come now,' says he, 'you see I know all; make a clean breast of it.' So then I saw he didn't know *all*, and I brazened up a bit: told him I hadn't a notion what he meant. 'Oh yes I did,' he said, 'Captain Dodd's fourteen thousand pounds! it had passed through my hands.' Then I began to funk again at his knowing that: perhaps he only guessed it after all: but at the time I thought he knew it; I was flustered, ye see. But I said, 'I'd look at the books; but I didn't think his deposit was anything like that.' 'You little equivocating humbug,' says he: 'and which was better, to tell the truth at once and let Captain Dodd, which never did me any harm, have his own, or to hear it told me in the felon's dock?' those were his words, sir: and they made my blood run cold; and if he had gone on at me like that, I should have split, I know I should: but he just said, 'there, your face has given your tongue the lie: you haven't brains enough to play the rogue.' Oh, and—another thing—he said he wouldn't talk to the sparrow-hawk any more, when there was the kite hard by: so by that I guess your turn is coming, sir; so mind your eye. And then he turned his back on me with a look as if I was so much dirt. But I didn't mind that; I was glad to be shut of him at any price."

This intelligence discomposed Mr. Hardie terribly: it did away with all hope that Alfred meant to keep his suspicions to himself. "Why did you not tell me this before?" said he, reproachfully.

Skinner's sharp visage seemed to sharpen as he replied, "Because I wanted a thousand pounds first."

"Curse your low cunning!"

Skinner laughed. "Good-by, sir: take care of yourself and I'll take care of mine. I'm afraid of Mr. Alfred and the stone jug, so I'm off to London, and there I'll un-Skinner myself into Mr. Something or other, and make my thousand pounds breed ten." And he whipped out, leaving his master filled with rage and dismay.

"Outwitted even by this little wretch!"

He was now accountable for fourteen thousand pounds, and had only thirteen thousand left, if forced to reimburse; so that it was quite on the cards for him to lose a thousand pounds by robbing his neighbour and risking his own immortal jewel: this galled him to the quick;

and altogether his equable temper began to give way; it had already survived half the iron of his nerves. He walked up and down the parlour chafing like an irritated lion. In which state of his mind the one enemy he now feared and hated walked quietly into the room, and begged for a little serious conversation with him.

"It is like your effrontery," said he: "I wonder you are not ashamed to look your father in the face."

"Having wronged nobody I can look anybody in the face," replied Alfred, looking him in the face point-blank.

At this swift rejoinder, Mr. Hardie felt like a too confident swordsman, who, attacking in a passion, suddenly receives a prick that shows him his antagonist is not one to be trifled with. He was on his guard directly, and said coldly, "You have been belying me to my very clerk."

"No, sir: you are mistaken: I have never mentioned your name to your clerk."

Mr. Hardie reflected on what Skinner had told him, and found he had made another false move. He tried again: "Nor to the Dodds?" with an incredulous sneer.

"Nor to the Dodds," replied Alfred, calmly.

"What, not to Miss Julia Dodd?"

"No, sir, I have seen her but once, since—I discovered about the fourteen thousand pounds."

"What fourteen thousand pounds?" inquired Mr. Hardie, innocently.

"What fourteen thousand pounds!" repeated the young man, disdainfully. Then suddenly turning on his father, with red brow and flashing eyes: "the fourteen thousand pounds Captain Dodd brought home from India: the fourteen thousand pounds I heard him claim of you with curses: ay, miserable son, and miserable man, that I am, I heard my own father called a villain; and what did my father reply? Did you hurl the words back into your accuser's throat? No: you whispered, 'Hush! hush! I'll bring it you down.' Oh, what a hell Shame is!"

Mr. Hardie turned pale, and almost sick: with these words of Alfred's fled all hope of ever deceiving him.

"There, there," said the young man, lowering his voice from rage to profound sorrow: "I don't come here to quarrel with my father, nor to insult him, God knows: and I entreat you for both our sakes not to try my temper too hard by these childish attempts to blind me: and, sir, pray dismiss from your mind the notion that I have disclosed to any living soul my knowledge of this horrible secret: on the contrary, I have kept it gnawing my heart, and almost maddening me at times. For my own personal satisfaction I have applied a test both to you and Skinner; but that is all I have done: I have not told dear Julia, nor any of her family; and now, if you will only listen to me, and do what I entreat you to do, she shall never know; oh, never."

"Oho!" thought Mr. Hardie, "he comes with a proposal: I'll hear it, anyway."

He then took a line well known to artful men : he encouraged Alfred to show his hand ; maintaining a complete reserve as to his own ; " You say you did not communicate your illusion about this fourteen thousand pounds to Julia Dodd that night : may I ask then (without indiscretion) what did pass between you two ? "

" I will tell you, sir. She saw me standing there, and asked me in her own soft angel voice if I was unhappy. I told her I must be a poor creature if I could be happy. Then she asked me, with some hesitation I thought, why I was unhappy. I said, because I could not see the path of honour and duty clear : that, at least, was the purport. Then she told me that in all difficulties she had found the best way was to pray to God to guide her ; and she begged me to lay my care before him, and ask his counsel. And then I thanked her ; and bade her good night, and she me ; and that was all that passed between us two unhappy lovers, whom you have made miserable ; and even cool to one another ; but not hostile to you. And you played the spy on us, sir ; and misunderstood us, as spies generally do. Ah, sir ! a few months ago you would not have condescended to that. "

Mr. Hardie coloured, but did not reply. He had passed from the irritable into the quietly vindictive stage.

Alfred then deprecated further discussion of what was past, and said abruptly : " I have an offer to make you : in a very short time I shall have ten thousand pounds ; I will not resign my whole fortune ; that would be unjust to myself, and my wife ; and I loathe and despise injustice in all its forms, however romantic or plausible. But, if you will give the Dodds their 14,000*l.*, I will share my little fortune equally with you : and thank you, and bless you. Consider, sir, with your abilities and experience, five thousand pounds may yet be the nucleus of a fortune ; a fortune built on an honourable foundation. I know you will thrive with my five thousand pounds ten times more than with their fourteen thousand ; and enjoy the blessing of blessings, a clear conscience. "

Now this offer was no sooner made than Mr. Hardie shut his face, and went to mental arithmetic, like one doing a sum behind a thick door. He would have taken ten thousand : but five thousand did not much tempt him : besides, would it be five thousand clear ? He already owed Alfred two thousand five hundred. It flashed through him that a young man who loathed and despised injustice—even to himself—would not consent to be diddled by him out of one sum while making him a present of another : and then there was Skinner's thousand to be reimbursed. He therefore declined in these terms :

" This offer shows me you are sincere in these strange notions you have taken up. I am sorry for it : it looks like insanity. These nocturnal illusions, these imaginary sights and sounds, come of brooding on a single idea, and often

usher in a calamity one trembles to think of. You have made me a proposal : I make you one : take a couple of hundred pounds (I'll get it from your trustees) and travel the Continent for four months ; enlarge and amuse your mind with the contemplation of nature and manners and customs ; and if that does not clear this phantom 14,000*l.* out of your head, I am much mistaken. "

Alfred replied that foreign travel was his dream : but he could not leave Barkington while there was an act of justice to be done.

" Then do *me* justice, boy, " said Mr. Hardie, with wonderful dignity, all things considered. " Instead of brooding on your one fantastical idea, and shutting out all rational evidence to the contrary, take the trouble to look through my books : and they will reveal to you a fortune, not of fourteen thousand, but of eighty thousand pounds, honourably sacrificed in the vain struggle to fulfil my engagements : who, do you think, will believe, against such evidence, the preposterous tale you have concocted against your poor father ? Already the tide is turning, and all, who have seen the accounts of the Bank, pity me ; they will pity me still more if ever they hear my own flesh and blood insults me in the moment of my fall ; sees me ruined by my honesty, and living in a hovel, yet comes into that poor but honest abode, and stabs me to the heart by accusing me of stealing fourteen thousand pounds : a sum that would have saved me, if I could only have laid my hands on it. "

He hid his face, to conceal its incongruous expression : and heaved a deep sigh.

Alfred turned his head away and groaned.

After a while he rose from his seat and went to the door ; but seemed reluctant to go : he cast a longing, lingering look on his father, and said beseechingly : " Oh think ! you are not my flesh and blood more than I am yours ; is all the love to be on my side ? have I no influence even when right is on my side ? " Then he suddenly turned and threw himself impetuously on his knees ; " Your father was the soul of honour ; your son loathed fraud and injustice from his cradle ; you stand between two generations of Hardies, and belong to neither ; do but reflect one moment how bright a thing honour is, how short and uncertain a thing life is, how sure a thing retribution is, in this world or the next : it is your guardian angel that kneels before you now, and not your son ; oh, for Christ's sake, for my mother's sake, listen to my last appeal. You don't know me : I cannot compound with injustice. Pity me, pity her I love, pity yourself ! "

" You young viper ! " cried the father, stung with remorse but not touched with penitence. " Get away, you amorous young hypocrite ; get out of my house, get out of my sight, or I'll spit on you and curse you at my feet. "

" Enough ! " said Alfred, rising and turning suddenly calm as a statue : " let us be gentlemen, if you please, even though we must be enemies. Good-by, my father that *was*. "

And he walked gently out of the room, and, as he passed the window, Mr. Hardie heard his great heart sob.

He wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. "A hard tussle," thought he, "and with my own unnatural, ungrateful, flesh and blood: but I have won it: he hasn't told the Dodds; he never will: and, if he did, who would believe him, or them?"

At dinner there was no Alfred; but after dinner a note to Jane informing her he had taken lodgings in the town, and requesting her to send his books and clothes in the evening. Jane handed the note to her father: and sighed deeply. Watching his face as he read it, she saw him turn rather pale, and look more furrowed than ever.

"Papa!" said she, "what *does* it all mean?"

"I am thinking."

Then, after a long pause, he ground his teeth and said, "It means—WAR."

### THE PITCHER-PLANT.

EARLY in the winter of 1860, a little coasting vessel landed her crew, nearly all ill of small-pox, at a fishing village a few miles from Halifax, the capital of Nova Scotia. Full soon, the epidemic spread, from the sailors to the fishermen, and from the fishermen to the fish-dealers in the town of Halifax. Cases of variola becoming numerous in the civil and military hospitals, the attention of the medical profession was aroused, and a panic seized the population. When the alarm in the city was greatest, news arrived that the plague had burst out in the encampments of the Indians, destroying the red population as fire destroys the parched vegetation of the prairies. For, the Indians neglect vaccination, and deem the skill of white men "no good." But, when Death was rife in the camps of the red people, and the plague was sweeping off whole families at a time, a Squaw, long renowned for her knowledge of roots and herbs, arrived among the suffering families, declaring she had an infallible remedy for the disease. And, strange to say, the epidemic variola, which is borne upon the wings of the wind to great distances—a veritable pestilence walking in darkness—and which had baffled and defied the highest medical skill, gave way before the remedy of the Red Squaw.

This remedy is a pitcher-plant. I have one of these wonder-working plants now lying before me. Many specimens have been sent to Europe for study and trial; and botanists, chemists, and medical men, have had their attention drawn to their qualities. Never has there been seen a plant better qualified to strike the imagination. Growing in morasses, it is an amphibious plant, constructed both for aquatic and ærian life. Most of its life is spent under water. During winter it is under water; and its fibrous roots and creeping branches remain in the mud when

it makes its summer sojourn in the air. The roots are not like roots, but are like tendrils; and the branches are not like branches, but are like roots, being of the kind called rhizomes. As for the leaves and stalks, they have hitherto beat all the botanists in their attempts to say which is which: some calling them the one, and some the other. An omni-captious critic might contradict you if you called the stalk the leaf, or the leaf the stalk. Some authors say the pitcher is made of the stalk (petiole), and others say the leaf; and both statements are right, and both are wrong. The mud-covered root-like branch is rather less than half an inch thick; and the stalk or leaf clasps it half round, and then rises in a line of beauty, or graceful curve, bulging out into a pitcher of an elegant form, seven or eight inches high.

What part of the plant is it which becomes this pitcher, the leaf or the stalk? We must, to answer this question, bear in mind that a stalk is a support, and that a leaf is a breathing instrument or vegetal gill. Now, if one of these pitchers be examined carefully, it will be seen that what has been called vaguely the pitcher, consists of two parts, three-fourths of the circumference forming the pitcher, and one-fourth being the undivided stalk or support. The leaf is joined on to its stalk, sideways. Physiologists tell us that the curves of the human back describe the line adapted best for strength, and the curves of this plant are similar. The pitcher, with its cover, forms a leaf or breathing organ of a very singular kind. If you cut it open from the bottom to the rim, you will be struck by three different portions of it; at the bottom and half way upward, the inside is brownish, and lined with long fine silky hairs; from the end of this part to the rim, the inside is perfectly smooth; above half the rim or lip, rises a blade (lamina) in the shape of a hood, which is lined with short rough hairs. When the bottom part of the pitcher is opened, it is found to be full of as miscellaneous a hoard of tiny things as ever filled a cornucopia—winged seeds and insects' eggs, morsels of twigs, and mosses, and flowers, heads, skins, and wings of flies, and quite a glittering heap of the blue chests and shields of beetles. I have found but one tolerably complete insect—an ichneumon-fly of a kind I never saw before, only without a head. Five or six of these pitcher-like stalk-leaves rise up in a group or row, and among them is the flower. The flower rests upon a stalk, which, like the leaves, clasps the branch, consisting of five sepals and five petals, all purple. An idea of its appearance might be formed by imagining a purple marigold.

The botanists are at their wits' end to explain and classify this plant. Known in England, it is said, since 1640, it was called *Sarracenia* by Tournefort, in the end of the seventeenth century, after a Dr. Sarrasin, who introduced it into France. The classifiers are puzzled where to put it. Its nearest connexions, according to Dr. Lindley, are the poppyworts. There are

several species or varieties of *Sarracenia*—yellow, green, red, purple, and pimpled. The pimpled *Sarracenia*, is called *variolaris*, suggesting the notion that it has variola, and would be the better for a dose of the Squaw's decoction. The plant used by the Squaw is the purple one, or *purpurea*. A decoction of the rhizome of this plant has been found useful in helping the patient through every stage of variola. A large wine-glassful of an infusion of the rhizome is no sooner administered than the eruption is promoted, and the sufferer "feels the medicine killing the malady." The second wine-glassful allays the fever; after the third, when the disease is in its subsiding epoch, the pustules die away, leaving no pits. The Red Indians, when in health, occasionally drink a weak infusion of the plant, to prevent the disease by "keeping the antidote in the blood." The plant contains the qualities of a good febrifuge. Chemically analysed, this *Sarracenia* is found to contain binoxalate of potash—which is a poison likely to counteract the virus or poison of the pustules—soda, and malic acid, this last element being the acid which makes fruits refreshing. Variola, moreover, is a disease in which the patient dies from exhaustion, and not from the destruction of any essential organ. It is precisely one of those maladies in which hope and courage, infused into the mind through the imagination, are invaluable aids to recovery.

Pronouncing no opinion on the value of the Squaw's decoction as a sovereign remedy, I can, however, indulge the hope that the renewed attention attracted to this vegetal curiosity will end in giving us at least some satisfactory explanation of the functions of the pitchers and their hairs. "The pitchers," says Dr. Lindley, "appear to be secreting organs, for they are lined by hairs of a very singular nature, as is mentioned by Mr. Bentham in his memoir on *Heli-amphora*; but their physiological action remains to be ascertained."

Scientific truth is obtained by bringing guesses to the test of observation and experiment; I therefore venture to submit the guesses which have occurred to me. The leaf, as I have said, is fastened on sideways to its support, and appears to perform the functions of a leaf, being an organ of respiration and transpiration. The plant is amphibious, and its leaves are adapted both for aquatic and aerial breathing. The whole of the outside of the pitcher, and the smooth portion of the inside, appear to me to be adapted for extracting carbonic gas from water, consisting as they do of mere cellular tissue; whilst the hairy portions of the inside, at the bottom and under the hood, contain air-holes. There are hairs on plants, like shields, scales, stars, beads; there are branched and forked hairs; and there are hairs ending in clubs and stings; but the hairs of the Squaw's pitcher-plant seem to be composed of only simple elongated cells: those under the hood being short, hook-like, and rough: those at the bottom long and

silky. No other function, then, need be sought for these hairs than the general one of protecting the orifices which admit the gases essential to life. If an examination under a powerful lens of fresh specimens of the plant should reveal air-mouths or stomata, which I believe I have seen even in dry ones, the physiological functions of the pitcher would be clearly shown.

Fishes liable to be left high and dry by the tide are provided with means of moistening their gills when out of water. The sepy crab, who generally lives in a hole full of water, every other day climbs palm-trees in search of nuts; and he is provided, in the cavity in which his gills work, with sponges which moisten them in the sunny air of the tropics. M. Adolphe Brogniart ingeniously compares the respiration of submerged leaves to the respiration of fishes. The gills of fishes extract the air or oxygen gas which vivifies their blood, from the water, by direct contact; and the cellular or parenchymatous tissue of submerged leaves, there being no epiderm to go through, extracts from the water directly, the carbonic acid needful to nourish their life. This gas of course abounds wherever there is decaying vegetable matter in water.

Respecting the pouches or pitchers of *Sarracenia*, Professor Schleiden says: "It is the lower part of the leaf which exhibits a form resembling a cornucopia, while at the upper border runs out a flat expansion (the lamina of the leaf), separated from the pouch by a deep incision on each side. The lower half of the internal surface is clothed with hairs directed downwards, the upper part is smooth." The closed base of the pouch corresponds to the base of the leaf. Leaves perform the functions of respiration and transpiration. The parts then of the pitchers consisting of cellular tissue (parenchyma) are adapted for obtaining carbonic gas from water, and the parts covered with hairs for obtaining it from air. Living a double life, the plants have a double respiration, aquatic and aerial. If the leaves consisted of nothing but cellular tissue, they would dry and shrivel up quickly in the air; but, to provide for this emergency, they form themselves into pitchers, and take water into the air with them, and the hairs of the hood economise this water by catching it as vapour and conveying it through purple conduits down towards the rhizome and roots. This evaporation is one of the chief causes of the ascension of the sap. Through the purple canals either moisture or gas may reach the internal organs of the plant. But this is not the place for the discussion of microscopical minutiae.

I may, however, mention, that the gardeners call these plants "side-saddle flowers"—why, I cannot guess, unless it be because the stalk-leaves sit upon the rhizomes, like saddles. Where the hood-like blade or lamina rises above half the rim or lip of the pitcher, it curls with a pretty ram's-horn-like curl. On the



whole, half a dozen of these cornucopie-shaped pitchers with a flower like a purple marigold among them seen on a dry morass, must always be a wonder of plant life, and may yet prove to be a useful remedy for an exhausting and terrible scourge. For the Halifax medical men seem unanimous in its favour, and the London medical men contradict each other—one decidedly saying Ay, and another emphatically No.

#### UNDER THE CYPRESSES.

HERE I am in the cypress lane!

I see the light in her window shine.

Heaven! can this love be all in vain,

And shall she never be mine?

There stays her shadow against the walls,

There moves o'er the ceiling to and fro,

She does not think of the heart that calls

So loud in the dark below.

Why should she think of a fool like me,

Though I'd give my life to save her a pain?

The stars might as well look down to see

These fire-flies in the lane.

I am too low for her to love,

And I would not give her the pain to say

That a love like mine could only prove

A shadow upon her way.

So I stand in the cypress shade and weep,

I weep, for my heart is sick with love,

And I pray for strength my vow to keep,

As I look in the sky above.

Is it wrong to gaze at her window-sill,

Where she sits like an angel in a shrine?

While my heart cries out, despite my will,

"Ah, Heaven! were she but mine!"

Oh, my heart, I could tear you out,

Am I so weak and faint of will,

That the fair dear serpent coiled about

My purpose, I cannot kill?

Where is my vaunted manhood fled?

Come, my pride—my pride, come back!

Serve me and prompt me awhile, instead

Of all I so sadly lack!

Vain, ah! vain—all day and night

One thought, like a ghost I cannot lay,

Ranges my life, and haunts my sight,

And never will pass away.

Give me something to meet and clasp!

I faint with fighting this thing of air!

I die despairing in its grasp!—

Its presence I cannot bear.

Give me strength, Heaven! to endure—

Let me not writhe to death in the grass.

Send me, ye stars, from your chambers pure,

Some ease as ye coldly pass!

Look at this poor mad wretch that lies

Beating his brain that is all afire!

Pity him here as he grovelling dies

In the flames of his vain desire!

#### A GREAT THUNDER-STORM.

LONG will the night between the 24th and 25th of June, 1863, be memorable among the inhabitants of the Downs of Sussex. On that Wednesday night and Thursday morning, raged a thunder-storm of an extraordinary kind, interesting in an unusual degree to science and humanity; to science, because the electrical storm presented features never recorded in England; to humanity, from the domestic interest of the tragedies it occasioned. On that night a tropical storm visited England. Men who have been all round the world and seen the storms of every clime, say they saw that night a storm of a hot country on the shore of a temperate climate. The area of the storm was considerable. I have seen accounts of it from Chichester in Sussex, and Chesham in Buckinghamshire. On the south coast of England its principal range was eastward to Eastbourne beyond Beachy Head, and westward to Chichester and Selsey Bill, and inland northwards to Tunbridge Wells and Maidstone.

My opportunities of observing it were limited to the Downs and coast of Sussex. Earth describers bid us notice that the hills by the course they take determine the course of the rivers from the inland heights to the sea; and describers of scenery, when they possess a knowledge of what I may call the anatomy of their art, the geology or strata of the district, tell us that the features of mountains and valleys are dependent upon the nature of the rocks which compose them. A man like the late Hugh Miller can tell from the outlines of the mountains, the nature of the rocks. The chalk rocks of the Sussex coast swell up from the sea-level some two or three hundred feet high, and except where they break off in abrupt cliffs facing the sea, are winding, round-topped, and undulating, with their flowing outlines all carpeted with herbage. And very beautiful on sunny hill-sides is this green sward. It is spangled in sunny braes with white and yellow flowers, and furze bushes display their golden ornaments. On north-easterly slopes, heather varies the green with purple. Bleating flocks of sheep, with civil dogs and friendly shepherds; larks up in the sky, thrilling their nest-warming mates with carols; linnets and yellow-hammers warbling in the furze, and numbers of yellow and blue moths, animate the Downs with life and sound. Several of the highest of these round hills appear to have been used as camps by the Romans, and on these sites orchids are found. Between these green round hills, whose white broken ends form the white chalk cliffs of England in the region which was the principal area of the storm, several rivers of insignificant size and small importance find their way to the sea; such as the Rother, the

Cuckmere, the Ouse, the Adur, and the Arun. These rivers, during their course, give up vapours which hang upon the hill-sides, and rise into the sky as clouds charged with the globules or vesicles, formed by evaporation from fresh water. Storms, as we shall see by-and-by, are battles of differently composed clouds, and these rivers and hills explain the collection of what we may call the land forces of the coming conflict.

The instruments kept at Brighton to measure the heat, humidity, and tension of the air (thermometers, hygrometers, and barometers), gave some remarkable readings for the 24th and 25th of June, 1863. On the 24th, the highest and lowest readings of the thermometer in the shade were 73 and 67; the highest reading in the sun was 90; and during the night the highest was 67 and the lowest 58 degrees. The storm lowered the temperature, for next day the readings were 70 and 66 in the shade and 85 in the sun's rays, and during the night the highest and lowest readings were 66 and 54. On Tuesday the wind was south-west, on Wednesday it was various, and on Thursday it was north-west. The change in the tension of the air is indicated by the following readings: at nine o'clock in the evening the barometer marked 30.02; and next evening 30.17. An inch of rain fell that night.

Students of lightning often wish for opportunities of studying it all over its range; more than that, they would like to study the atmosphere in the Polar regions, and where, as in Lima, and far from land at sea, lightning is unknown; but especially on tropical shores, where lightnings never cease flashing, and thunder is always heard. On these shores, white with coral, blue with janthine shells, and having palm-trees like forests of monster umbrellas a hundred feet high, the air is perennially in the condition which elicits thunderstorms. There are vast differences in the storms of different climes. The extraordinary thing respecting the storm of the 24th of June last, was, that it was a storm in a temperate climate with many of the features of a tropical storm.

My place of observation was near the Black Windmill on the west hill of Brighton. About half-past six o'clock there fell some "heat drops," heralding a shower. As the sun descended in the heavens, dark bluish-grey clouds overcast the sky, which, after sundown, were more and more frequently lighted up by flashes of sheet or summer lightning. I went out for a stroll near home, and was soon joined by two neighbours, one of whom delights in astronomy, and the other in poetry. About ten o'clock heavy rain-drops came drumming down upon our hats like a shower of pebbles. Driven in-doors, I set myself to watch the storm. The evaporation from the sea had sent up, during many previous days, clouds of a different composition from those which had been rising from the rivers, and winds blowing from different quarters had driven them into collision. And then began the most magnificent battle of sea clouds with land clouds I

ever beheld. The warring clouds did not appear to be more than a thousand feet up whilst resting upon the land. A man who could have beheld the whole area of the storm from a balloon at an elevation of fifteen hundred or two thousand feet, would have seen as grand a storm as the imagination can conceive. He would have seen, by means of the lightning flashes, the white-frothed sea dashing against the coast line from Selsey Bill to Beachy Head; with the rivers running between the round hills; with copses, forests, fields, cottages, mansions, hamlets, villages, towns, church towers, cathedral spires, and windmills. There was an extraordinary variety in the forms of the lightning. A flash of chain lightning is said to have been seen; I myself noted sheets, darts, forks, zig-zags, and fireballs. I have never seen, heard, or read of, lightning of such various colours; there were flashes of red, purple, bluish-grey, grey, pale green, milk white, and golden yellow. No human eye dare brave the dazzling brightness of the fireballs. The unusually great variety of the colours shows that there was an unusually great variety in the composition of the warring globules, or vesicles. And the thunder was, of course, as various as the lightning. The sheet lightnings, purple, bluish-grey, or pale green, were followed by rumbling noises, like the sound made by heavy artillery when heard rolling over rough stone-paved streets at night. The darts, forks, and zig-zags, were followed by rattling peals, resembling the reports of musketry when heard near enough for the hissing of the bullets to be discerned in the noise. The fireball explosions, by their thunder, recalled to mind the simultaneous discharge of many guns of the highest calibre. This great variety in the colours and sounds was accompanied by another remarkable feature—continuousness. From half-past nine until a quarter-past one o'clock, the lightning and thunder were without intermission. The storm recommenced again at about half-past two, and continued until after four o'clock in the morning.

A withered flower was all the damage which came under my notice at Brighton. During the storm there was neither very much wind, nor rain, nor darkness. Between eleven and twelve o'clock, when the zig-zag lightning and dazzling fireballs were followed by the grandest peals of thunder, a drunken man staggered up the road under my window, shouting, "Hoorah! the brave lightning is calling; and I am none of your cowards; I am the little man that braves it." However, while this Ajax in beer was thus boasting, every explosion startled him so that he lurched half way across the road.

Very different was the scene that night at Seaford Cliff. With good eyes or an ordinary spy-glass, any one may see, from the pier-head at Brighton, along the undulating cliffs, about twelve miles eastward, Seaford Cliff, on this side of Beachy Head. In 1850 I visited this cliff, to see an immense scoop blown out of it at its highest point by gunpowder ignited by electricity. It was magnificent to witness. After

a hollow rumbling explosion, an immense slice of the cliff, two hundred feet high, suddenly driven as a crumbling, ever-expanding mass, rolling further and further out to sea. But grand although this sight was, in the eyes of the thousands who came from far and near to observe it, a spectacle of a far more terrible grandeur occurred unseen on this very spot in the evening of the 24th of last June.

There is a flagstaff on the brow of the cliff. At a quarter to ten o'clock on the Wednesday night of the storm, near this flag, Thomas Bradley, the coast-guardman from the Cuckmere station, met "in conference" John Dancer, the coast-guardman from the East Blatchington station. They were both on duty. They conversed a short time together, and John Dancer, who was about thirty-seven years of age, with a wife and three children, was sober and cheerful as usual. After the guardsmen parted, amidst the thunder-storm, Thomas Bradley turned round, and by a flash of lightning saw John Dancer walking westward towards Blatchington. Early on the following morning the wife of John Dancer informed the chief boatman, Mr. Bennet, that her husband had not come home; and Mr. Bennet went to search for him on the cliff, while William Fost went to search on the beach under the cliff. The chief boatman found the stick and sou'-wester hat of John Dancer lying near the path, only a few yards nearer the edge of the precipice; and about twenty yards west of where they were, underneath, at the bottom of the cliff, which is here about two hundred feet high, the boatman found his body lying on the beach. He had fallen three or four yards from the bottom of the cliff, as appeared from a mark on the beach, and then had bounded or rolled four or five yards more, dying on his back with his comforter adjusted across his brow. His watch on his left side, was uninjured and keeping good time; his tobacco-box on his right side, was flattened.

There was no trace of lightning about the body. On the cliff, though several persons, myself included, examined it carefully and repeatedly, not the slightest mark could be discerned of a man having lost his way after being blinded or stunned, and having stumbled or fallen over. He knew the path well, having gone over it three or four times a week for thirteen months. White chalk stones mark it, which can be seen, as I have tested, after dark. No doubt, just at the spot where the catastrophe occurred, the ascent from the path to the precipice is not so steep as lower down, yet he would have had to ascend and go to the left to reach it, when for safety he had only to roll down the steep green sward on his right; there were no scratches on his fingers, such as there must have been if he had snatched or clutched at grass or chalk. There was no wind that night, sufficient to take a man off his legs. The exhaustive process of induction we have pursued preventing our believing without proof that he was confused and stumbled over, or was driven over by the wind,

there remains but one imaginable explanation of his death. This is, that he was swept over the cliff by the lightning, which carried his sou'-wester hat and stick in that direction.

The lightning, upon this hypothesis, was not by its striking or burning, but by its lifting power, the cause of the death of John Dancer. He was not blinded, for his eyes were open and unscathed. This lifting power of lightning has long been well known to students of weather wisdom. That I may not appear to be citing marvellous stories to prove a marvel, I will merely quote, in an abridged form, a paragraph published months since in this journal: "That lightning can throw heavy bodies considerable distances with great force, is well known, but few persons have any adequate idea of the weight of the bodies transported, or of the force with which they are projected. The Rev. George Low, of Fetlar, in Scotland, records that at Funzie, in his parish, a rock of mica schist, one hundred and five feet long, and ten feet broad, was broken in an instant into fragments, one of which was simply turned over; another, twenty-eight feet long, ten broad, and five thick, projected over an elevated point a distance of fifty yards; and the largest, about forty feet long, was sent still further, but in the same direction, right into the sea. Scarcely less surprising was the force with which lightning split the mizenmast of the *Patriote*, during the night of the 11th of July, 1852, in the port of Cherbourg. The mast was split eighty feet down; and one fragment, six and a half feet long, and about eight inches square at the thicker end, was driven two hundred and sixty-two feet and a half, and then the thick end foremost through an oaken plank one inch thick, nearly half its length, until stopped by a knot."

When there is no other guess which fits in with the evidence, a mechanical force like this may with probability be found guilty of sweeping a man over a precipice. Leaving Seaford and East Blatchington, with the widow and three children of poor John Dancer, and going up the valley watered by the Ouse towards Lewes, we approach the scene of another deplorable calamity. Ranscombe Brow, a bold hill skirted by the road from Lewes to Glynde (the village of the glen), is situated about a mile and a half from Lewes, and commands, even from the road, an extensive view of the valley, both inland and seaward. The road winds through a wooded dell, and is darkened by very high and very thick hedges on both sides. Nothing can be seen except the sky. But, on issuing from between the hedges, and rounding the brow, an extensive flat landscape of pastures, watered by the Ouse, startles the view. The effect is striking, even on a fine summer afternoon, and must have been appalling in the night and the early morning of the 25th of June, when the darkness of night increased the gloom between the hedges, and when continuous lightning was enkindled all over the extensive view. Shortly after eleven o'clock on Wednesday night, a tradesman of Glynde, Mr. Henry Mockett Weller, aged fifty-

one; his wife, aged forty-nine; and a young woman, Elizabeth Bingham, about thirty-five years of age; drove along this road from Lewes in a one-horse cart. Elizabeth Bingham was about to be married to Mrs. Weller's brother, "after," as the local phrase describes it, "they had walked out together for ten years," and she was going to Glynde to make some preparations for her wedding. As he passed a policeman while leaving Lewes, Mr. Weller said, "Good night; it is very rough." At the Southerham tollbar-gate, Mrs. Weller and Miss Bingham were alarmed, and Mr. Weller was pacifying them. He was over-confident in the steadiness of his horse. Mr. Weller sat on the right driving, his wife sat next him holding up an umbrella, and the bride on the left of the seat in the cart. On issuing from between the dark hedges and reaching the brow, they must have seen the whole landscape, the sky, the distant hill-tops, the pastures, the river, a-blaze with continuous lightning. I read the story of the catastrophe in the fresh marks on the spot. The horse, seized with maddening panic, had suddenly started away from the view of the lightning, wheeling the cart very sharply round, and springing up the steep embankment. The marks of the wheels and hoofs on the grass of the embankment, show that a terrible struggle ensued between horse and driver, the horse wildly plunging anywhere away from the storm, and the driver pulling the right rein to bring the horse down into the road. All three had tried to get down from the cart on the right side, together. The horse then fell over, capsizing the cart, and entangling all three under it. They were killed by the fall, the wheel, and the kicking horse.

For hours the four victims of this thunder-storm lay dead or dying during that fearful night: John Dancer on the beach under Seaford Cliff, and the Wellers and Elizabeth Bingham on the road, under Ranscombe Brow. What a touch of pathos is added to the terror of these storms, when we remember their wrecked victims, the hopes they destroyed, and the homes they desolated! How are we to characterise the fool-hardiness which neglects all the known precautions against their dangers?

More than three hours after the catastrophe at Ranscombe, a Lewes tradesman was driving home in a four-wheeled chaise. It was the darkest, coldest, most eerie hour in the morning, about half-past two o'clock. On the road at Ranscombe Brow, his horse shied. He applied the whip gently, but the horse would not advance. His son jumped down and tried to lead the horse, and then both father and son tried to lead the horse; but he would not pass something on the road. It was very dark. They could see nothing. At last a flash of lightning showed a cart turned on the axle, and they discerned a woman lying close under it. The woman did not answer when spoken to, and they discovered she was dead. Another flash of lightning revealed another woman rather more under the cart. After procuring a lantern and

assistance, and while drawing the cart away from the horse, a man was seen under the wheel. The forepart of the cart was kicked in.

These three victims of this storm were buried in the churchyard of Glynde on the following Sunday. A long funeral procession, with about thirty couples of mourners, followed them from the village to the churchyard. The coffins, according to ancient Sussex custom, were carried on the shoulders of sixteen men, attired in long white smock-frocks, with black neckties. One large grave received all three, and they were laid down in the order in which they travelled. From a thousand to fifteen hundred persons were in the churchyard; and a crowded congregation listened in the church, in tears, to a discourse reminding us that in the midst of life we are in death.

This great storm left its mark at other places. At Maidstone and Herstmonceau, hailstones, or rather bits of ice, of oblong shape and broad as pennypieces, fell, breaking skylights. A policeman on duty at East Peckham was struck by lightning and seriously injured on the left side. A retriever dog was killed by his master's side at Hurstpierpoint. A poplar was shattered into splinters in the village of Kemsing. At Cuckfield, the lightning entered a cottage by the chimney, burned a small hole through the bedroom floor, passed through the sitting-room below, and left by the door, which happened to be open. At sea, four sailors were knocked down on board the Britannia collier, lying off Brighton. At Wilmington, the Eagle beer-house was set on fire and gutted, the inmates escaping for their lives. At Spring Cottage, Fount Road, Tunbridge Wells, a man and his wife were struck in bed, the latter lying for some time insensible. None of the furniture in the room in which they were sleeping was injured, but the stone sink in the kitchen was shattered to pieces. In Ely Lane, Tunbridge Wells, the lightning struck a cottage, breaking pictures, damaging ceiling, and smashing panes of glass and a chimney mirror. A horse grazing upon the rocks at Denny Bottom either fell, being frightened, or was knocked or swept down from the rocks, and was fatally hurt. The lightning over the whole range of the storm scorched flowers, corn, especially oats and barley, although the damage was not considerable; and it positively benefited the hop vines, by debarrassing them of noxious insects.

The fall of hailstones is a notable thing in thunder-storms. Vapours hot enough to fuse metals, and vapours frozen into ice, come into collision, or proximity, in these storms. Conflicts of temperature must play a part in them. I have never been lucky enough to hear it, but some people say they can hear a hissing sound when lightning and rain are meeting together in the air. Many beautiful observations have been made upon the six-sided crystals of snow, but I am not aware of any upon the forms and sizes of hailstones. Moisture cooled on plants, is called dew; run into drops in the air, rain; frozen, snow; and snow



adhering loosely, in sizes from pins' heads to very large eggs, is called hailstones; when adhering solidly and becoming slippery, it is ice. Now, it is surely a notable thing that furnace heat, and ice cold, should both figure together in electrical storms. Brave observers in balloons can rise from the sweltering heat of a July afternoon in a warm summer, into a snow-storm, in a brief time; but in this June storm, showing how high the aerial stir had mounted, there was a meeting of fire and ice.

The rain and hail of electrical storms is said to be sometimes luminous. "I have twice observed," said Bergman, writing to the Royal Society in 1761, "rain fall of such a character that everything sparkles at its contact, and the ground seems to be covered by waves of fire." In 1773 thunder and lightning were accompanied with rain, every drop of which darted fire on reaching the earth. M. Pasumot, after being in the rain of a thunder-storm at La Cauche, on shaking the rain from the rim of his hat, observed that on meeting the rain falling from the clouds the collision struck out sparks of fire. The Abbé Bertholin, riding from Brignai to Lyons, saw the rain and hail flash light on striking the metal of his saddle. On the 25th of January, 1822, some miners at Freyberg told Lampadius that they had seen small hail falling during a thunder-storm which was luminous on the ground.

But the terror of these storms lies in the fact that the greatest heat there is, flies about in them with the greatest known swiftness. A case, the particulars of which I investigated at Scaford, illustrates this fact.

On the 13th of December, 1856, two young men, named Green and Parks, sought shelter from a thunder-storm in Ade's Mill, Scaford. They went into the uppermost part of the mill with the miller, whose name was Hilton. A little after mid-day the lightning entered one of the small windows in the uppermost part of the mill, and prostrated all three. For some time they were all lying insensible. Hilton, least hurt, came to himself first, and, after arousing the others, crawled down to the door in search of assistance. The first person he saw was a shepherd of the name of Picknell, walking towards Scaford, and to him he called for help. On seeing their condition, Picknell exclaimed, "Why, you have all been struck by lightning!" Green was so far from being aware of what had happened to him, that as he recovered consciousness he began wondering "if there could have been anything in a glass of beer he had drunk, which could have affected him in this way." They all entreated Picknell to rub their legs; when he did so, their black charred flesh came off in his hands. Procuring a cart, shepherd Picknell carried the poor sufferers, one by one, in his lap, slipping down the steep steps inside and outside the mill. Parks, having suffered in no vital part, eventually recovered, and is now alive. After apparently recovering from his dreadful burns, Hilton died three years afterwards. The fate of Green was

remarkable. He recovered from all his burns, except one behind his neck. He was fearfully burned to the bone on his right leg, and on his foot and round his ankle, as the remains of his blue cotton stocking still show. He was burned black, all over his breast. The iron in his heavy shoes had probably something to do with this intense burning of his foot and leg; and perhaps the burn upon his breast, and the fatal wound behind his neck, owed their severity to the metals composing his watch and chain. The silver case of his watch was melted by the lightning for a length along the edge of more than half an inch, where it holds the glass; and the melted silver had run into the form of a small round globule. The links of his watch-chain, composed of silvered copper, were volatilised at two places. One of these places, no doubt, was where the chain passed over his neck. He seemed to get quite well, all his wounds having healed, except the one about the size of a half-crown piece in the back of his neck. On the fourth of March, nearly three months after the storm, he was standing on the beach chatting with some girls, when one of them asked, "Are you cross, Robert?" and he answered, "Do I look cross?" Immediately after, he clutched hold of her shoulder to support himself, and the next instant fell down dead. That little wound behind his neck was above what Flourens calls the vital knot or brain of respiration. The inference of the danger of having metal chains round the neck during thunder-storms, is too obvious to require mentioning. The coroner's jury, in accordance with the medical evidence, said that young Robert Green died of disease of the heart—a phrase very serviceable to general practitioners. But the physiologist will find proofs enough that he died from gangrene having attacked the small spot of grey matter, little bigger than a pin's head, located between the third and fourth vertebrae, and on which depends the breath of life.

The line of danger, whether from the burning or the lifting power of lightning, is the line of strong and obstructed currents of air. A few years ago, a man was killed by lightning at Bishopton Mill, and the spot is precisely where four paths meet, running between eight high walls. The line of the lightning is the line of the greatest aerial friction. Windmills are built to catch the wind, and with it they catch the lightning. When Ade's Mill was struck, three other mills were struck in the same storm—Scaford Mill, Wyndor Mill, and a mill at Eastbourne. A joke is ascribed to Washington Irving. A comrade refused to take shelter from rain under a tree, because he had promised his father, who had been struck by lightning when sheltering under a tree, that he never would do it. "Oh! if lightning is," retorted Irving, "in your family, you are quite right." But lightning is in the family of trees. They conspicuously obstruct the aerial currents, and hence their exposure to danger. Lightning is, for the same reason, an heirloom of church

steeple. Through chimneys, lightning has a way into most houses, and therefore it is wise, by opening doors or windows, to give it a way out. Where the air is least jammed and packed out of doors, and comparative calm prevails, there is least danger. The principle of the lightning conductor is to take advantage of the preference of lightning for metals, and to direct it from the house or ship, by giving it what it prefers to strike; while the principle of the advice I am giving, is, to turn away the blow by facilitating its course through the air. In France and Italy it used to be the custom to try to scare the demon of lightning away, by ringing the holy bells in the church steeples: superstition thus hoping to lessen the aerial danger by increasing the aerial disturbance! The bellringers in those cases ran risks similar to the risks incurred by persons seeking shelter under tall trees. During the night of the 14th of April, 1718, four-and-twenty churches in one district of Brittany were struck by lightning; and M. Fontenelle remarked that they were precisely the churches in which the bells were rung to drive the lightning away, while the churches spared were precisely those whose bells were not rung. Wherever, then, the aerial strife is fiercest, there the danger is greatest; and if we keep out of the way of currents or draughts, we keep out of the way of the lightning.

#### THE GOLDEN MEAN.

LOOKING back into the past, I see with the eyes of memory two sheets of caricatures by Gilray, which are respectively headed, *The Effects of Flattery*, and *The Effects of Truth*. They each consist of a series of figures, placed in pairs, with the good old-fashioned labels coming out of their mouths—labels that leave no doubt as to the end and intention of the figures. In the *Flattery* series, there is a general buoyancy and happy result; in the *Truth* series, there is a pervading bitterness and palpable failure. The young man in French revolution dress, with top-boots, and tip-top neckcloth, makes a neat hit when he tells his old uncle, "Uncle, you're the best judge of horseflesh in the world. On the word of a sportsman, your new mare is the neatest thing I ever crossed." For uncle replies: "Jack, you know what's what; and since you admire the new mare so much, I'll make you a present of her." Also Mrs. Jones comes out pleasingly, when she says to the old maid with the smallest of muffs, and the most pinched of bonnets, "As lovely as ever, my dear friend! I protest you are the paragon of neatness!" The smiling reply is, "Mrs. Jones, I always took you for a woman of discernment. Why do I see so little of you? Pray come home with me, and take a cup of tea."

In the other print how different are the results of Truth! The young girl in a sash who exclaims to her fat relative, "Dear aunt, I

protest you are as lusty again as when I saw you last!" is met by the rejoinder, "It would be more becoming in you, Miss, to speak with a little more consideration. Everybody tells me I am fallen away prodigiously." Look at another couple. An ancient gentleman, in an easy chair, and in the easy undress of a loose wrapper, says to an ancient in buckskins, "Old friend, it is time for you and me to give over acting and dressing like boys! I am sixty-five, and you cannot be much less." To which the friend, with screwed up mouth, responds, "I regret to say, Mr. Brown, you were never famous for speaking the truth. I appeal to your good lady if I am more than five-and-forty."

That these caricatures express realities of the human constitution, few will deny. The "ca' me, and I'll ca' thee" principle is a beneficial principle. Oh, the might of its infinite diffusion through the myriad animalculine acts, whose very exuviae constitute the mountains of the moral world! Consider how many hours there are in the day, which the presence or absence of agreeable titillation may convert into a blessing or a curse! Reflect what it would be to be always rubbed the wrong way! A man might die of it. And it would be to his credit, to die of it. So admirably constituted are we, our neighbour's good opinion is essential to our vitality. And how should our neighbour show his good opinion? How, but by studying to please, and by studying the art of pleasing; for it is an art. Flattery, quotha! Kindly feeling, say I! If a man thinks it worth his while to flatter me, that is in itself a flattery, and shows tender consideration for me. But, if he thinks it worth his while to flatter me *well*, his benevolence towards me assumes a higher aspect, and becomes sublime. If he lays it on tenderly, if he avoids the grossness of flattering me to my face, and only whispers my praise to a third person, that it may come gently round to me, I say, God bless him, for he is a good man! Men called sincere, are not good men; neither indeed are they sincere. At best they only seek a vent for their own ill tempers. And then some of the most artful men I ever had the misfortune to be taken in by, had attained the summit of the *Ars celandi* artem by covering their duplicity with a mask of brusquerie.

But the golden mean is difficult to hit. A man may be tickled, as certainly as he may be clawed, to death. Between the Ecstasies and the Depreciators, between the Cold and the Hot, the "airs from Heaven," and the "blasts from Hell," what tonics, diatonics, semitones, and demi, semi, quavers!

Now, there are Mrs. Bliss and her daughters. Their praise is a perpetual hyperbole; in their glare of raptures there is no more shade nor perspective than in a tea-tray Chinese landscape. In ten minutes after the charming widow has entered my drawing-room she has exhausted every epithet of transport and wonder. When she has dubbed a wretched drawing on a screen "the finest thing I ever saw in my life!" what

remains to be said for my Salvator Rosa, which is my own joy and pride?

While Mrs. Bliss renders me anything but blissful, the daughters of Bliss, paying the warmest court to my wife, make my poor dear Agnes blush crimson, as if some deep irony were at the bottom of such exclamations as, "Oh, what a sweet dress! Where did you get it? Who is your dressmaker? Oh, what an exquisite brooch! Do let me see it nearer!" When the robe is gingham, and the brooch a common shell-cameo; and the Bliss girls themselves "walk" (or sit) "in silk attire," and wear no end of Hunt and Roskell! But I am sure they never mean to quiz, and that they are justly popular.

Perhaps, as the last ecstasies of the Bliss ladies are fading through the door, the same door admits the low growl of Mr. Nill, who walks in at the head of his family. Mr. Nill is a tall thin adust ferrety-looking man, with a ferrety nose, and ferrety eyes of a pale red round the rims. The ferrety nose and the ferrety eyes poke and pry into everything; but the latter organs possess the faculty which Walter Scott attributes to the mad maiden in the Lady of the Lake; they "seem all to mark, yet naught to spy;" for in their most restless action (and their action is restless) they preserve a blankness which denotes that not an object is to them worth the trouble of speculation. The Nills are silent people. There are some who talk you dead: there are some who kill you by silence. Of the two, I almost think I prefer—always excepting when Mr. Bark Nosybore calls on me—the incontinent of speech to the retentive. When a man has built a new library, or a new pigsty, when he has planted a fir-tree, or planted a flag-staff, he wants a flowing libation of sympathy upon his work. Harmless wish! Who, in this thorny world, would not lend that wish a helping hand? Mr. Nill would not: Mrs. Nill would not: Mr. Nill, junior, and the two Miss Nills would not. Marvellous unity! It is not, indeed, wonderful that the offspring should resemble either parent; but that Mrs. Nill the red and thin, should be like Mr. Nill the pale and stout, is a matrimonial miracle, which I suppose to be wrought by elective affinity, and years of companionship.

To the above two classes of humanity who respectively admire all, and nothing, and whom we may call the overloaders and the underloaders of the great social balance, may be added the comparers, who never praise an object without being reminded of something else they have seen. Mrs. Secundum goes into transports at your pond: but she has seen the Lake of Geneva. "Ah, that *was* sublime!" Before the little picturesque cascade in your grounds, Miss Secundum pauses—first in silent—then in speaking ecstasy. "Beautiful, beautiful! Most poetic! It reminds me of that fall near dear Keswick, the cataract of Lodore, about which Southey wrote so grandly. 'How does the water come down at Lodore.'" The Twisters, who sometimes come to see us, are also comparers, but

they improve upon the Secundums, by setting up, beside every object they admire, an object utterly and wildly different. They would scorn to compare a molehill to a mountain, rather would they boldly compare a mountain to a saucepan. Your carpet, which is "Charming! charming," makes them cry out, "Have you seen the picture-gallery of the Louvre?" You ask Miss Twister if she is not delighted with Tennyson's Idylls of the King. To which she replies, "Lovely! But have you heard Gounod's Faust?"

Next in my list come the Blanderers, who possibly do not mean to hurt your feelings, any more than pigs in a garden mean to hurt your flowers. Yet, somehow or other, they do it. Though not spiteful, they are scarcely kind hearted; nay, if tact, that rare quality, be but the blossom of kindly feeling, they are surely *not* kind hearted. Self-occupied, and doing all for self-glorification, they have no eyes for others. Such is Jack Fulltop, who, by an instinct one might almost call dexterity, stumbles upon the sore places of everybody's soul. Yet he takes a coarse interest in you—claps you on the back, and humiliates you in a friendly manner. To the author of a still-born poem he will say, "What a pity, my dear friend, that the world has taken no notice of your book!" To a man who is getting to the shady side of sixty, he will set forth the blessings of old age, and recommend Cicero de Senectute. Jack's presence in a friendly party spoils that friendly party. By dint of his free and easy boisterousness, he produces a constraint in others; and by force of frantic distortion, puts everybody else into an unnatural posture. Save me from that man at a dinner-party! I might be his butt—for he always *has* a butt. And out of sheer affection (when he is in a good temper) he never takes his eyes, nor his voice, from the poor butt, but patronises him to that frightful extent, all through dinner, that it would have been a more delicate attention to have garrotted him from behind, with the dinner-napkin, when he took his seat.

Yet, was I better off the other evening at the solemn eating given by Lord Mastic, when I was indigestibly closed in between Lady Fleedle and Professor Toady? Lady Fleedle, who wants to be polite to everybody, but blunderingly affronts everybody, because she is blind and deaf; Professor Toady, who sets off his slunkeyism to the Great, by offensive rudeness to the Little. If Toady is a warning, Lady Fleedle is an awful revelation. In her mistakes, the whole hollow mechanism of the world, with the plaster worn off, is revealed. The dial-plate of her society-watch is gone, and the hands go their distracted rounds over wild wheels and broken springs. With Professor Toady I had been talking of spirit rapping, and I had vented the very original remark that "Some people thought it was the work of the devil!" on which Lady Fleedle called out, "Ah, dear man, I knew him intimately! Is he dead? What a loss to the world!" On the other side of Lady Fleedle,

Dr. Busby was pompously enunciating verses, which in his time, he said, were considered witty, and might still be aids to a schoolboy's memory:

Qui, quas, quod,  
Fetch me the rod!  
Hic, hæc, hoc,  
Lay him on the block.

When Lady Fleadle, just making out that there was metre afloat, lifted up her hands and eyes, drew out her pocket-handkerchief, and with a well-executed tear, exclaimed, "How affecting! It reminds me of Lord Lyttleton's epitaph on his wife, 'Speak, dead Maria!'" On the other side of me, I was edified by Toady's alternations between abject flattery to a lord next him, and snapping replies towards myself, who am nobody. "Yes, my lord, indeed, as you say, all the writers of the Essays and Reviews should be turned out of the Church, and their works burnt by the hands of the common hangman. Your lordship's erudition and profound piety entitle you to decide on the subject, if any one may." Then to me (we had only been discussing a pudding): "No! It wants more lemon!" Then to the lord: "My lord, I perfectly agree with you! You are profoundly right. A glass of champagne is quite the true thing after gooseberry fool."

Come out of the drawing-rooms and dining-halls "of dazzling light," to take your ease at your inn, or to dawdle into shops to make purchases. Exchange those whom you try to please, for those whose business is to please *you*, are you in a more agreeable atmosphere, or rather, are you not still haunted by the poco-piu, and the poco-meno of life? Where is the perfect Waiter? He is a myth! Seek him not abroad, neither at home. Have you yet discovered—I never have—which is worse: the fulsome and familiar, or the uncivil and the stiff-necked? The officious foreign waiter, or the native cold flabby commodity of our best of isles? Look at him of the Rhine, with his pomaded hair, glaring eye-glass, and stupendous watch-chain, who *will* "spike Inglis" (as he phrases it), who announces the name of each dish as he sets it before you, calling cauliflower, "coal-floors," and roast mutton, "sheep's brat;" who suffocates you with his overwhelming attentions. Is he not nauseous? But, may he not possibly, in virtue of his good intent, be a shade less provoking than the British waiter in a clerical choker, known to an "Uncommercial Traveller," whose whole pale demeanour declares your coming to *his* hotel to be a piece of impertinence, and who, at one o'clock, tells your Hungeriness there will be a "Tablet Dot" at five, and he can serve you nothing before?

Then, as to shops. The other day I entered Mr. Ragman's, the stationer's, to make rather a considerable purchase of writing-paper and envelopes. A dark solemn-visaged man stood behind the counter, who eyed me steadily, but did not even ask me what my business was. The steady eyes had a mesmeric effect on me, and the silence confused my thoughts, until I really

did not know why I had entered that shop. I moved uneasily. Then, the steady eyes began to move, and to watch me, and to say, "Are you come here to steal something?" At last, with a snap, like machinery, the great Ragman uttered the awful words, "Your business, sir?" My stammering tongue hardly faltered out—for, like the electro-biologised, I had by that time almost forgotten my own name—"Cream-laid, wire-wove—who-is-it's—patent envelopes. That man Thing-um-me's-in-th-Strand's magnum-bonum pens." "How many?" asks Ragman, in an awful voice: this time omitting the sir. "How many of each?" I could not bring out how many! "Thomas, serve this gentleman" (the last word unutterably toned), said the embodied firm of Ragman; and, having consigned me to the young man (to my great relief), turned his eyes once more on vacancy instead of my face.

More awful is the female of this class, who folds her fat arms upon the prominence below her waist, won't help you to get number seven and a half when you buy your gloves, but stands resolutely quiet, magnificently indifferent, with a look (probably out of window) which means, being interpreted, "I don't care whether you buy or not." Should you happen to buy, her "Thank you!" is a dose of colicoquintida to the ear. Is there no medium between these underloaders and the overloading tenth of a man (for he must be less than a tailor), who, when I go with my daughter to Dasher's, keeps talking on, "What shall I show you? What is the next article? No trouble at all! Nothing more this morning?" and, all the time, busy with hands as with tongue, unfolds a dozen bales of goods when Emma would rather see only one, and, in spite of her meek protestations, climbs to the highest shelf, dives to the lowest cellarage, makes drawers fly open with a magic touch, and deluges my dear astounded girl in a flood of ribands, which he seems to bring out of nothing, as if he were a conjuror. Then, as we stumble out into the street, his voice pursues us with as many notes of obligation as though Emma's pennyworth of tape had saved him from utter ruin.

Yet, after all, since nothing is perfect on earth, my heart is with the overloaders, because my youthful memory is. A female overloader, especially if pretty, is a pleasant being. Can I forget thee, Jane Perry, dearest of seamstresses, pearl of hosieresses, cream most miraculous of gloveresses? Well did the gowmsmen of Trinity College know thy shop, the emporium of news, where others' tongues were set a-going by the ready prattle of thine own! Well did they appreciate thy comfortable comforters, overlapping the chinks in the throat of a Dreadnought, when a day at Newmarket was in view, and tandems dared the chilling blast—thy gloves, such a capital fit at the race-ball—thy shirts, moulded well to the brave broad chest of youth! Ah, what a blessed thing it was in thee, Jane Perry, that thou wouldst never send in a bill, but, at the bare mention of such a thing, didst



tremble, blush, and quaver, "Oh, pray, dear sir, don't mention it!" Yet thou didst prosper! Doubtless, Heaven did prosper thee, young fair widow, with one sweet child, little Amy, the gownsmen's pet! Blessings on thee for the kindest, gentlest, truest of flatterers!

#### MAJOR MONSOON'S TIGER STORY.

"THANK you, I think I'll take another cheroot, old fellow—they're a first-rate brand, but not quite the sort I keep for my own smoking—and pass the brandy; thank you; your brandy's good brandy, but not *very* good brandy. One can't expect it at the sea-side."

The major took another cheroot from the frail but odorous dark cedar-box, bound with red, and he also condescendingly filled himself a peculiarly stiff third tumbler of brandy-and-water. I say brandy-and-water, but the expression is scarcely correct, for, as he told me, ever since a fit of hydrophobia at Kollywallah, up at the foot of the Hill Country, he had had a strong dislike to water, and a grateful recollection of the brandy which had preserved his valuable life.

The major was a full-habited middle-sized middle-aged man, with a bruised flattish red face, rather staring blue eyes, with a noisy good-humoured impudent manner that nothing could daunt. He wore a straw hat and blue band, an immense gilt double eye-glass tied with a broad black ribbon, a loose light suit of a pale nankeen colour, very small dancing-shoes, and carried a large silver-mounted Penang "lawyer." I scarcely know how I picked up the gallant officer, but on the eighth day of my stay in Ramsgate I had got so tired of shrimps, raffles, bathing, using a telescope, and slopping about on weedy rocks, that I had begun to look out for a companion on the Esplanade seats. But he whom I looked for in vain there, met me unsought, in the billiard-rooms on the cliff. At that genteel establishment, I found the major laughing, talking, telling stories, executing unparalleled canons, betting condescendingly with very juvenile boating-men, and drinking brandy-pawnee at some young amateur commodore's expense, with a manner as totally free from pride as it was radiant with the urbanity of the officer and the traveller.

The major was one of those indescribable men who can be seen any day between four and dark looking into the cigar-shops in Regent-street, or lounging about the doors of billiard-rooms in Leicester-square, dozing on seats in St. James's Park, or reading the American news with a severe air in Wild's reading-room: an indefinite man of indefinite occupations. An idler tired of himself could not, however, have discovered a more talkative, cheery, rattling, good-natured companion than the major. He had, like myself, apparently found Ramsgate dull, for he lost no opportunity of cultivating my acquaintance; and, as he lodged only three doors from

me in Seaside-terrace, there was seldom an evening when the major did not drop in to take his coffee, and smoke his cigar on my balcony.

It was on the fourth evening of our acquaintance that the major, having lighted his fourth cheroot, and mixed, as I have said, his third glass of brandy-and-water, sank down luxuriously in a rocking-chair, tucked his legs by a violent exertion (for I should mention that he was a little lame) on a second chair, and, with an air of almost sultanic enjoyment, commenced the following story of one of his most remarkable achievements in the hunting-field:

"Twenty years ago," said the major, "I commanded a detachment of my native regiment, The Fighting Half-Hundred (as we were called, from our behaviour in the Burmese war), at a little village called Kollywallah, in the north-east corner of the Jubbalgore district of the Bengal Presidency. It was near a jungle, full of tigers; and, as we soon put down the paltry tax riots that had brought us to Kollywallah, and time began to hang heavy on our hands, I and Twentymen, the only other officer, naturally took to tiger-hunting, which exciting amusement soon became a passion with us. In six months there was not a ryot at Kollywallah who did not know me as 'The Great Shikarree,' and it was all I could do to prevent the people from worshipping me and my hunting-elephant, 'Ramclunder.'

"One morning, when Twentymen was down with jungle fever, and I was sitting by his side reading him Charles O'Malley in the balcony of our bungalow, which gave on the cantonment, I heard a great noise as of a crowd of natives trying to force their way in past my native servants. Poor Twentymen, who was fretful with want of sleep, beginning to groan and complain at the noise, I ran out with my big hunting-whip, and, licking the niggers all round, asked them what they meant by making such a cursed noise.

"'Chooop ruho ekdum' ('be silent immediately'), I shouted.

"The old khitmutgar, an old grey-bearded fellow who had been butler to my father the general, came salaaming forward when he saw me, and said:

"'Sahib, sahib, the country people from Moonje have come to ask sahib to come and shoot a white tiger—a man-eater—who has already killed an old woman, six children, and ten bullocks.'

"Out I went, just as I was, in my slippers, and sure enough at the gate of the compound, if you'll believe me, there were about a hundred natives, salaaming, and tom-tomming, and praying Mahadeo to soften the sahib's heart, and induce him to listen to them and come and kill the white tiger. I promised to do what I could, if they would supply beaters, and would be ready at the jungle next day with their usual heathenish and unsportsmanlike paraphernalia of native drums, bells, horns, and metal pans with stones in them. Off they went throwing somersaults,

and shouting like children, calling me every blessed name they could lay their hands on, and promising to muster in force at the place appointed, though they were half of them tiger worshippers at Moonje, and would not have let me kill the animal if he hadn't turned a 'man-eater.'

"Back I went to Twentyman, who was sitting up in bed, more cheerful, eating some fruit.

" 'What's the row?' said he, quite in his old voice.

"I told him that the people of Moonje wanted me to go and kill a 'man-eater,' but I didn't like leaving him.

" 'Then you go, old boy,' said he, 'for Dr. Johnson came in just as you left, and says I'm twice the man I was yesterday; I'll get along well enough with a book and a cheroot or two.'

" 'And may I take your double-barrelled breech-loader?'

" 'Of course; anything I have, Monsoon. Johnson says, Moonje has been full of tigers ever since the last Rajah took to preserving them, and made it death to kill one; but, for God's sake, Monsoon, take care of yourself! Those man-eaters are no joke, and if I were you I would ride to Poonahjah and get Simpson and Dever to go.'

" 'No,' said I, 'Twentyman. This is an affair of danger; I'll stalk the beast alone. There shall be no Englishman but myself to share the glory.'

" 'You are a plucky fellow, Monsoon,' said Twentyman. 'As you like, but, for my own part, I'd rather have one Englishman than a thousand of those noisy devils, with their infernal drums and horns. They'd spoil an angel's shooting.'

"The rest of that day I spent in preparing for the tiger campaign at Moonje. I put on my red-brown shooting-coat, made of stuff of that peculiar dry leaf colour usually worn by Indian tiger-hunters, and which I was the first to introduce into the Presidency. The plan of this coat was my own invention; it had fourteen pockets, each destined for a special purpose, and never used for any other. It held caps, gun-picker, tigers' fat for greasing locks, spare nipples, gun-screw, a small boot-jack (the use of which I will tell you presently), a knife with sixteen blades, greased patches, iron bullets, cartridges, a pocket-revolver, a brandy-flask, a hunting-knife as strong as a bill-hook, a dried tongue, a cigar-case, a powder-horn, fusees, a sketch-book, a small key-bugle, a camp-stool, and a few other items useful to a man of several resources.

"As this white tiger I was to fight had escaped the native pitfalls, poison, spring-guns, and other stratagems of the crafty natives of the jungle village, I felt that at last I had met a foeman worthy of my arm, and I prepared for a gigantic effort. I filled Ramchunder's howdah with tulwabs (keen native swords), double-barrelled guns, rockets, and boar-spears; so that, keeping that sagacious animal near me fastened to a tree, I could return to him at any time for fresh weapons and for lunch; for, even

in my enthusiasm for the chase, I did not forget some cold fowls and two or three bottles of champagne, &c.; and my khansamah (or butler) was to sit in the howdah and attend to the commissariat and general stores.

"The day came. I felt a strange glow of pleasure, mingled with a strange presentiment of danger which I could not shake off, do what I might. However, I said nothing to Twentyman, who wished me every success, and off I went on Ramchunder, who seemed proud to share in the adventure. Which was more than the cowardly khansamah was, for his teeth shook like castanets, and he dropped a bottle of bitter beer in sheer nervousness in packing. At last we were ready.

" 'Juhlde jao!' ('go quick'), cried I to the mahout; and off trotted old Ramchunder to this side of the Moonje jungle, where all the beaters had assembled.

"If you'll believe me, even at the taking of Mooltan, there wasn't such a gol-mol (I am again talking Hindostanee—I mean, in pure English, 'row') as when about two hundred of the native fellows began to break into the jungle of praus-trees and korinda-shrubs, firing match-locks, yelling like fiends broke loose, rattling metal pans, ringing bells, and blowing horns: while half a dozen of the boldest and most active of the beaters were sent on to climb trees and give notice if the man-eater stole away in their direction. It was arranged that I was to lie in wait, with Ramchunder, opposite to one of the most tigerish places; a crossing over a dry nullah (or ravine), where three native postmen had been carried off on consecutive days by the same tiger.

"And now, again, the presentiment weighed upon me as soon as I found myself alone with that miserable funky old khansamah, who did nothing but mutter prayers from the Koran, and look at his amulet of tiger's claws. Sir, all sorts of disagreeable anecdotes came fermenting up in my mind. I thought of how Major Bunsen, in the Forty-third, had died in four hours of lock-jaw from a scratch he received from a tiger's claw; and of how Captain Charters, of the Fourth Light Infantry, was found dead in the jungle from a tiger bite.

"I had been particularly careful with Dostee Pooloo, the captain of the beaters, as to the direction in which he was to drive the tigers, for these rascals generally frequent the same spot, and I had every reason to suppose that I should soon have my hands full.

" 'Dostee Pooloo, my boy,' said I, handing him a cheroot (for the niggers like you to be civil to them), 'be sure and drive everything that is in the jungle, sou'-westerly, for if I am far away from Ramchunder and the guns, when they break covert, there'll be a blank space left for me at the mess-table to-morrow.' When I said this, Dostee Pooloo showed all his box of teeth, and I saw that he was game to do just what I wished, so long as he hadn't to fight the tigers himself.

"Having planted my old khansamah with Ramchunder, and the cold fowls, and cham-

pagne, and the double-barrelled rifles near an old palm-tree, with strict injunctions not to move, I stole off down the nullah *whisk-whisk*, as the natives say—which means very gently.

"I suppose I had not gone more than three hundred yards from where I left the khamamah and Ramchunder, before a path to the right, trodden down as if by wild boars through a tract of tall, dry, dusty jungle grass, burnt by the sun to a pale straw colour, attracted my attention. The beaters seemed to rouse nothing, and I began to think the story of the white tiger all a humbug and a sham.

"The path led on past a little tope of cocoa-nut palm, strung with fruit. Curiosity and a natural love of adventure carrying me on, I followed it for some hundred yards, till I saw the path a few yards before me open out into a sort of natural amphitheatre, beyond which lay the dry bed of a small watercourse, the surface of which, if you'll believe me, sir, was one vast tangle of enormous jungle flowers—great crimson fellows, big as teacups, and smelling of musk and patchouli; ropes of creeping plants binding tree to tree, and strung with scented yellow blossoms and trails of things like tulips, only as large as my hat, and with purple-bell flowers every half inch down the stalk.

"In a small open space surrounded by deep Moonje grass, and only visible from the higher clump of ground where they sunned themselves, strutted half a dozen peacocks. I had just knelt down and covered the biggest of them with my rifle—a splendid fellow, with a great fan-tail, all green and purple—when, lo and behold! what should come skipping from tree to tree but a whole tribe of monkeys, chattering, chasing each other, holding each other's tails, and cutting such capers, that it was all I could do to keep from laughing out and spoiling the whole game.

"I had scarcely readjusted my aim which these monkeys had thrown out, before, from out of the jungle, close to me, ran three little spotted deer and a wild hog, and began racing about as if that spot was their regular playground, and yet with a sort of fascinated stare and alarm that made me suspect mischief. I determined, however, *coûte que coûte*, to see the thing out, so I drew the brandy-flask from my No. 13 pocket, and took a sup to steady my hand. Before I had put it back, sure enough, out between two champa-trees came a tremendous beast of a boa-constrictor, as large round as a bolster, and seventy feet long, if he was an inch—his scales wet and shining with the dew, and he writhing and undulating like an enormous caterpillar.

"If you'll believe me, sir, surprised as I was, I had still presence of mind enough to aim firm and steady at his nearest eye, thinking what a triumph it would be to take him home to poor Twentyman. When what I should see about twenty feet beyond this beast but some strange object waving in the grass! I covered it with my rifle, and was just going to press the trigger with my forefinger, when I heard a rush, and an

enormous tiger, clearing the boa-constrictor, leaped a space of nearly forty feet (as I afterwards measured), and struck me to the ground before I could readjust my piece.

"It was the WHITE TIGER—THE MAN-EATER—I felt sure of it at the first glance; a splendid fellow, full thirteen feet long, of a pale tawny cream colour striped with dark brown, his chest almost white.

"If you'll believe me, sir, as he held me and shook me in his mouth, I felt no pain and no terror, but a sort of almost pleasant benumbed drowsiness, and a strange curiosity as to how the brute would eat me. I could hear the deer, monkeys, and snake scuttling off as he shook me, as a cat does a mouse, or a terrier a rat. Then I remember I tried to get a pistol from pocket No. 13, and fainted.

"Before I came to, full half an hour must have elapsed. There I lay in a nest of dry Moonje grass. I felt that the monster was still over me. I felt his pestilential breath on my face even in my swoon. Yes, there he was, his enormous length reclining beside me, his striped tail sweeping across my face at every vibration—his head turned from me. If you'll believe me, sir, he had actually munched and chewed the whole of my left leg from the toe to the knee; he had eaten about three feet of it, sir (pardon the awkwardness of the expression), during my swoon."

"Chewed, Major Monsoon?" I cried, in an expostulatory voice. "Why, there are your two legs as sound as mine!"

"Pooh! pooh! my dear sir," said he, without a smile and quite unruffled, holding out his left leg to me to pinch, "the leg he munched was cork then, as it is cork now, and as it has been ever since. A cannon-ball took off its fleshy predecessor at the siege of Mooltan. One happy result of its being cork, as you may imagine, was, that it took the beast some time to get through, and that the beast didn't hurt me much.

"I opened my eyes quietly when I found what he was at, for he kept growling and snarling over the rather indigestible meal, and I began to look round me to see where my rifle was. If you'll believe me, sir, there it lay, full-cocked, not three inches from my right hand.

"My first thought was to steal my hand along and get hold of my rifle, but the instant I moved even a limb, the beast of a 'man-eater' began to growl, and evinced a dangerous disposition to leave my cork leg and settle on the more valuable one of flesh. I therefore, for the moment, abandoned the attempt, and resigned myself to death; for it seemed certain that when the beast had finished the cork leg, and began to taste my blood, he would turn round and devour me.

"I was sufficiently cool, even in this horrible emergency, to cast my eyes round to see if I was wounded. I found no wound, but discovered that the tiger had, in seizing me, torn off and probably devoured the tenth and eleventh

pockets of my shooting-jacket. I listened for the beaters, but could hear no voice or sound. They had either gone so far off that they were out of hearing, or, what was more likely, they had been alarmed by the tiger, and had fled. For they're poor creatures, the niggers, in any real danger.

"I now, therefore, gave myself up as lost; the tiger was still gnawing my cork knee, and had one paw lying as heavy as lead on my other leg, when suddenly, if you'll believe me, sir, the beast yawned twice, nodded his head, and fell fast asleep. I saw it all in a moment. He had swallowed in my No. Ten pocket, a large bottle of morphine—the bi-meconate of morphine, an American preparation of great strength—that I always carried with me when I went tiger-hunting, in case of an attack of neuralgia, to which I was subject before I had two-thirds of my teeth carried away by a matchlock bullet at Bundelcore. Now was my opportunity. There lay the great striped beast fast asleep. I stole my hand gently towards my rifle. I grasped it. I cocked it. I looked at the clean brass cap, held the muzzle close to the brute's ear, and fired. With a yell—a groan—the beast fell. I leaped up at the same moment to avoid his fatal claws, and gave him the second barrel behind the right paw close to the heart. He groaned, stretched out his paws, tore the earth in long scratches you might lay your hands in, and fell dead. I took out my repeater. It was exactly three minutes past two P.M. I had started from the bungalow at Kollywallah, at seven A.M. Then a giddiness came over me, and I fainted again.

"I was awake by something soft touching my face. I looked up. Kind Heaven! it was Ramchunder, with that beast of a khansamah dead drunk in the howdah, with one of my silver-topped champagne bottles in his hand. I instantly called out, 'Pukrao!' which is Hindostanee for 'take hold,' and, if you'll believe me, sir, the sagacious animal whom I had trained to do this, lifted me with his proboscis into the howdah; for how could I move, you know, with my cork leg all eaten away?

"The first thing I did was—what do you think?"

I could not guess.

"The first thing I did, sir, was to punch that beast of a khansamah's head, to be sure, and then to go in search of Dostee Pooloo and those cowardly nigger beaters.

"If you'll believe me, sir, we found them in the nearest village, two miles off, cooking rice at a fire, and telling the people how the sahib had been killed by the man-eater. So what did I do but ride in among them on Ramchunder, and

give the fellows such a welting with the whip of my buggy, which I always carried for that purpose, that they fell on their knees and cried for mercy.

"'Juhilde jao, Dostee Pooloo,' I cried, 'and bring home the tiger on a stretcher of clamboughs. You'll find him in such a place.'

"And so they did, and three hours after, just at sunset, we entered Kollywallah in procession, firing guns, letting off rockets, the niggers shouting songs about the sahib and the tiger. Twentyman was delighted to see me, for he had given me up for lost, as one of the beaters had run to the bungalow and told him I was killed."

The next morning, when I called at the major's lodgings, I found, to my astonishment, he had left by the six A.M. train, desiring the landlady to send in his bill to his brother at No. Twenty-six. His brother! But I felt bound in honour to pay it.

On closely considering the story of Major Monsoon's remarkable escape from the tiger, I found several alarming discrepancies that led to doubts in my mind as to its entire veracity. Breech-loaders were not, I think, invented twenty years ago, and, now I think of it, I regret I did not pinch his leg hard—to make sure that it really was cork.

P.S. The other day, too, at the Oriental Club, I was telling the story to Colonel Curry, when he made the following remark:

"My dear Foozle, the fellow was humbugging you, take my word for it. Monsoon is a traditional name in India, and is often tagged on to native stories. There was a Colonel Monsoon, I believe, about Lake's time, on whom the Hindoos wrote this distich, that I've often heard the fellows repeat:

Ghora par howdah, pathi par jeen,  
Mutlak bazayah, Colonel Monseen;

which means, in English,

Saddles on elephants, howdahs on horses,  
Monsoon ran away with the whole of his forces.

And, depend on it, that's what the dog borrowed his name from. Here, waiter, another bottle of sherry."

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